

The Mercury.

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THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the city, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable for the household and the office. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 48, N. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gasbner, President; Thomas Peckham, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays evenings in each month.

REDAWON LODGE No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wheeler; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Page, V. M. Consul; Charles S. Pecker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month.

Local Matters.

Eighty-second Anniversary.

Mr. Benjamin W. Pearce will reach his eighty-second anniversary on Tuesday of next week. He has issued a very neat invitation to his friends, announcing that he will be at home on that day from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Mr. Pearce, while confined indoors, is enjoying good health considering his years, and is glad to have his old friends drop in for a social chat. He can readily recall many pleasing incidents of by-gone days and it is a pleasure to spend an hour in conversation with him. He does not spend his hours in an idle way, but is always planning some work. He has made a number of valuable scrap albums, devoting much time and thought to them.

We extend to Mr. Pearce our sincere good wishes for many happy returns of the day, and best wishes for many years to come of similar happiness.

Memorial Day.

The following details have been announced as committees for Memorial Day Observances by the Commanders of the local Grand Army posts:

Gen. G. K. Warren Post—Senior Vice Commander Joseph P. Cotton, Junior Vice Commander Edward T. Bosworth, Thomas S. Nelson, Past Commanders William O. Milne, David M. Coggeshall, and Warren Weymouth; Sylvester Marden, Silas Hopkins.

Charles E. Lawton Post—Post Commander A. R. Tuell, Past Commanders John B. Mason and William S. Bailey, Senior Vice Commander A. L. Trowbridge, Junior Vice Commander Thomas M. Froeborn, Robert Cradle, William D. Smith, Timothy C. Sullivan, Past Commander Edwin H. Tilley, William B. West.

The curve of the street railway in front of the city hall has been the occasion of much trouble all the spring. The locality has been a pond in wet weather and cars have left the rails at frequent intervals. The track was raised by the company's workmen during the early part of the week but this did not seem to accomplish the desired results, so the curve has been straightened out by carrying the rails over against the sidewalk, leaving only a very insignificant curve to correspond with the bend of the street.

Mr. Harvey J. Lockrow, who has been manager of the Postal Telegraph Company's Newport office for a number of years, has severed his connection with the company and has been succeeded by the new manager, Mr. G. M. Foote. Mr. Lockrow's many friends and patrons will regret to miss him from the offices of this company.

A draft of 60 apprentices from the Training Station left for San Francisco via New York last Monday evening. They will be attached to the Training Station on the Western coast and were selected for proficiency in their duties.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Newport County Club was held in the club rooms in the Gas Company's building last evening.

Easter Sunday.

Special Music at Many of the Churches.

Tomorrow will be Easter—the most important church day of the year in the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. There will be special services and special music in all the churches and as usual the church edifices will be decorated with a profusion of flowers and plants.

In addition to its religious significance Easter Sunday may be regarded as practically the opening of the season of spring. Judging by the patronage that the millinery and clothing stores have enjoyed for the past few weeks there will probably be a notable display of spring styles among the promenaders in the afternoon.

Easter Sunday marks the close of the solemn Lenten season and next week there will be a number of post-Lenten dances and entertainments.

The following musical programmes will be rendered in the churches tomorrow:

Trinity Church.

At the morning service at Trinity Church the following musical programme will be rendered:

Introit, "Christ Our Passover," F. C. Cramer, Kyrie in E, Kyrie in E, Offertory, "Agnus Dei," St. Luke, XVI, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

St. Joseph's Church.

Masses at 7, 8, 9, and 10.30. At the 8 and 9 o'clock masses the girls' choir will sing Easter carols. At 10.30, solemn high mass.

Voluntary, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

March, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

EST'S MUSICAL SERVICES, 120 P. M.

Voluntary, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

March, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

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March, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

First Presbyterian Church.

At the First Presbyterian Church the following musical programme will be rendered, under the direction of Mr. Edward T. Bosworth, organist and choir-master:

Worship Service, 10.15 A. M.

Organ Voluntary—Pastorale, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

March, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

EST'S MUSICAL SERVICES, 120 P. M.

Voluntary, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

March, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Mass, Agnus Dei, Offertory, Communion, Benediction, Hallelujah, chimes, Hallelujah, chimes.

St. George's Church.

At St. George's Church on Rhode Island avenue there will be special music under the direction of Mr. Edward T. Bosworth, organist and choir-master. The choir will be assisted by Miss Hattie Hayer and will be accompanied by a string quartet consisting of Messrs. Howard, Crandall, Atwater and McPhee, with John Hays as soprano soloist.

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City Council.

Mayor Garrettsen Speaks on Police Commission Legislation—Long Wharf Commission Authorized.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council on Tuesday evening was a busy one and considerable new business of importance was brought up. Mayor Garrettsen's address on the police commission was listened to attentively, and was a surprise to many of those present. The first step towards improving Long Wharf was taken by authorizing the appointment of a commission to investigate the matter.

All the members of both branches were in their seats when the meeting was called to order. The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Assessor,	\$100.00
Fire Department,	1,100.00
Board of Health,	1,200.00
Public Parks,	100.00
Police Department,	1,000.00
Public Buildings,	100.00
Public Schools,	1,000.00
Streets and Highways,	1,000.00
Public Bathing,	100.00
Books, Stationery and Printing,	100.00
Lighting Streets,	1,000.00
Town Jew Synagogue Fund,	100.00
Barrel Ground,	100.00
Dog Fund,	100.00

Recent Deaths.

Howard Smith.

Cut. Howard Smith died at Palm Beach, Florida, on Friday last week, death being due to apoplexy. He was in his 55th year. His health had been very poor for a long time but it was not known that death was so near. He had spent a portion of the winter in Philadelphia and later went to Florida, where his death occurred.

Colonel Smith was one of the best known residents of this city. He was the son of the late Alfred Smith, the leading real estate dealer, and was at one time associated with him in business, under the firm name of Alfred Smith & Son. He was prominent in social and club life and was at one time a candidate for lieutenant governor of the state. He served as member of the personal staff of Governor Davis. He was a director in the New England Commercial Bank. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., Weeant Shashit Tribe, No. 6, I. O. R. M., and of the Lawrence Club.

Colonel Smith was twice married and a widow survives him. He also leaves three children, by his first wife, Marion McAllister Smith, Mrs. Augustus L. Willard, and Miss Mollie Smith. Another son, Mr. Charles T. Smith, died some years ago.

The remains were brought to this city Tuesday morning and funeral services were held at the Channing Memorial Church on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles H. Langley.

Mrs. Elizabeth Champlin Langley died on Tuesday at the Newport Hospital where she had been taken to undergo an operation by Dr. W. T. Bull. The operation was performed on Friday of last week and the patient failed to recover. She was the widow of the late Charles H. Langley and sister of Mr. Frank Champlin, formerly proprietor of the Perry House. Mrs. Langley was a native of Westerly but removed to this city to live when a mere girl. She leaves one son, Mr. William H. Langley, and one daughter, Miss Mattie Langley. Funeral services were held from the residence of her son, Mr. William H. Langley, on Hope street, yesterday afternoon.

Jurors Summoned.

The following jurors have been summoned to serve at the April sessions of the common pleas division of the supreme court which meets on Monday next:

Grand—Leonard Hummel, Thomas Vayro, Samuel S. Almy, Robert L. Gerry, Peter Donnelly, Robert W. Atwater, Henry Butler.

Petit—Michael A. McKeown, James Teehan, Arnold James, Robert Jackson, Edward A. Hissard, Joseph Kelly, James Rothnie, John A. Gibson, George H. Kirby, James H. Jenkins.

Mr. Stanton Palmer, of Denver, is visiting his father, Mr. B. G. Palmer, in this city. Mr. Palmer left here for the west on April 3, 1889, and returned on April 3, 1901, after an absence of just 12 years. During that time he has built up a very remunerative practice at his profession of advertisement writer and is now contemplating a removal of his headquarters to Chicago, where he will have a larger field.

The police commission have granted tavern licenses to Daniel J. Walsh, West Main street; Patrick Sheehan, West Broadway; Ernst Voigt, Thames street. A number of applications for tavern licenses were laid on the table.

Mrs. Alice M. Mundy, a sister of Mrs. M. S. Gibson, died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson in Boston on Wednesday. Mrs. Gibson is manager of the Hotel Thonidike in Jamestown.

The annual meeting of the Minnetuck Golf Club will be held in the rooms of W. C. Cozens & Co. on Wednesday evening next. Officers will be elected and the question of new grounds and links will be submitted to the members.

The public schools closed Thursday afternoon for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Edith M. Tilley has returned from a visit to Brookline, Mass.

Mr. William H. Schwarz is seriously ill at his residence on Poplar street.

City Council.

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Fire Department,	1,100.00
Board of Health,	1,200.00
Public Parks,	100.00
Police Department,	1,000.00
Public Buildings,	100.00
Public Schools,	1,000.00
Streets and Highways,	1,000.00
Public Bathing,	100.00
Books, Stationery and Printing,	100.00
Lighting Streets,	1,000.00
Town Jew Synagogue Fund,	100.00
Barrel Ground,	100.00
Dog Fund,	100.00

Monthly or quarterly reports were received from the committee on streets and highways, street commissioner, board of health, clerk of finance committee, city treasurer, committee on fire department and chief engineer, and upon recommendations of the proper committee resolutions were adopted authorizing improvements as follows: Macadamizing Broadway street at an expense of \$361; macadamizing Farewell street, Walnut to Van Zandt, at an expense of \$2,662.50; macadamizing Dresser street at an expense of \$1,153; curbing Bradford avenue; to place a fire alarm indicator on No. 8 Engine House, \$125.

The city solicitor reported on the petition of the expressmen for permission to solicit business at the railroad station, that the city had no rights in the property, having ceded whatever rights they had to the railroad company. On recommendation of the public property committee an appropriation of \$300 was made for the purchase of a flag and staff for the city hall.

The Long wharf matter was brought up by the introduction of the following resolution, which was passed: "Resolved, That His Honor, the Mayor, select one alderman, two councilmen and four citizens of Newport, not members of the city council, who with the mayor and the president of the common council shall be and they hereby are appointed a commission to be known as the 'Long Wharf Commission,' and that said commission be and they hereby are authorized and directed to investigate as to the rights of the city of Newport in Long wharf, and to report the result of their investigations to the city council at the earliest possible date, together with a plan for the improvement of the said Long wharf. Said commission shall have the power to hold public hearings, and to incur any expense necessary in the discharge of its duties not exceeding five hundred dollars (\$500), which amount is hereby appropriated."

A resolution was passed notifying the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company of the council's intention to require the present rails on Spring street to be replaced by more suitable rails. The public property committee was instructed to pave the way on the south east side of the city hall and \$500 was appropriated therefor. A resolution to establish a fire alarm box at the corner of Spring and Pelham streets was referred to the committee on fire department. A resolution appropriating \$200 for the purchase of a safe for the school department was referred to the public property committee. A communication to Mayor Garrettsen from Senator Wetmore regarding the transmission of the council resolutions on the death of Queen Victoria, was read and received.

A communication was received from the Newport Branch of the Master Barbers of Rhode Island, submitting a draft of an ordinance to compel the closing of barber shops on Sundays, the opening of screens so that the police can look in on Sundays, and providing penalties of from \$5 to \$25 for violations of the ordinance. It was referred to the committee on ordinances.

Petitions were received and referred as follows: From Captain J. J. Hunker for an electric light on Kinsley's wharf, street lights with power; Mrs. William A. Armstrong for curbing and building a granite walk on Malbone avenue, Sven W. Johnson for a sewer in the street west of Morton Park, Mrs. Post for a covering of crushed stone on Lake View avenue, John Kirby for repairs to Homer street, and George H. Chase for relief from overflow of cellars on Friendship street, streets and highways; First Presbyterian church for grading and macadamizing a portion of Calvert street, streets and highways. The petition of the United Congregational church for macadamizing Mt. Vernon

court was granted.

The two boards met in joint convention, Mayor Garrettsen presiding. George S. Gilliam was elected a hose-man of company No. 2. For the office of dog constable there were two candidates, and the present incumbent, Timothy C. Sullivan, received 13 votes to 7 for C. F. D. Fayerweather. Herbert C. Tilley was elected appraiser of damages by dogs and Kenneth McLeish was elected a weigher of coal and other merchandise.

After the boards separated the matter of disposal of night soil was brought up in the board of aldermen but no action was taken. A decree was passed by the board declaring State street a public highway. A small amount of damages was ordered paid from the dog fund. The committee on the Emergency hospital reported on the final winding up of its affairs and was discharged. A vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Darrish for his service in connection with the hospital. A commission consisting of Patrick J. Boyle, Frederick A. Allen, Jr., and George S. Flagg was appointed to lay out an extension of Central court to Main avenue.

Middletown.

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.—On Wednesday, the annual town meeting was held at the Town Hall, pursuant to notice to that effect, and to vote of the town designating the day for holding the annual election of town officers. The day being unfavorable to any farm work, it was thought quite a proportion of the electors would come to the meeting, to learn the condition of the town's finances, and in order to have a voice in ordering the town tax for another year and in making the necessary appropriations for schools, highways and for other required municipal purposes. Such, however, was not the result, and the steady downpour of rain operated to deter the attendance of electors and to such an extent, that only about sixty found their way to the place of voting. At ten o'clock the meeting was called to order by Nathaniel Peckham, moderator, and by eleven o'clock the list of town officers had been gone over and those of last year re-elected, there being no contest over any office, nor any ballot taken in the choice of any officer. Out of 219 voters qualified to vote on propositions imposing a tax and expending money, only 52 voted, being less than one fourth of the whole number. These 52 votes were on the two propositions making appropriations for the repair and improvement of the highways.

The first of these propositions appropriated \$1400 for ordinary repairs. This was adopted by 41 majority, there being 47 votes in its favor and 4 against.

The second proposition appropriated \$5000 for the repair and construction of stone roads, and was carried by a majority of 42, only 3 votes being cast against it and 47 for it. The condition of the town's finances was found to be slightly improved, as compared with those of April, 1900, then the town debt less cash in the treasury was \$16,139.05, now it is \$15,647.85, showing a reduction of \$491.10. The reduction had been brought about chiefly by an increase in the tax of 1900, \$182.10, by a more prompt payment than in some former years, only \$500 of the town tax of 1900 being in arrears. There had been also some reduction in municipal expenditures amounting in the total to \$854.

The town treasurer was authorized to hire money as needed and was limited to \$30,000 in the aggregate.

The rate of town tax was made sixty cents on each \$100 of taxable property, the same as in 1900. This tax is to be collected by the first Monday of December.

The appropriations made included the following: Highways \$9,400, Public Schools \$2,700, Middletown Cemetery \$400. Salaries were granted to the following town officers: Town Treasurer, \$100; Collector of Taxes, \$100; Clerk of Public School committee, \$25; Superintendent of Schools, \$75, Joshua Coggeshall and Joel Peckham were elected members of the Public school committee for three years and the following were elected town officers for one year:

Moderator—Nathaniel Peckham.
Town Clerk—Albert I. Chase.
Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—A. Herbert Ward, Lionel H. Peabody, Arthur L. Peckham, Henry I. Chase and Rescort S. Peckham.
Justices of the Peace—Nathaniel Peckham, William Bailey, George Coggeshall and Elisha C. Peckham.
Town Treasurer—John D. Blair.
Assessors of Taxes—John H. Spooner, Stephen B. Congdon, Herman F. Peckham, James H. Barker and Isaac Lincoln Shuman.



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CHAPTER I.

Doctor Francis Brodnar rapidly paced the richly carpeted floor of his spacious parlor office, his brow clouded and his massive jaw clenched. His countenance, usually serene and trust-inspiring, had for the moment lost its kindliness, and was forbidding almost to repulsiveness. A patient viewing him from the operating table would, it is likely, unless possessed of superior nerve, have succumbed to heart failure; at best he would have demanded another appointment; for by some atavistic reversion the good doctor had apparently returned to savagery of a virulent type. When he paused abruptly before the clock and suffered his jaws to relax, the spectacular results were even worse. He glared vindictively at the placid timepiece and gnawed fiercely his heavy mustache.

"Four o'clock! four o'clock!" he exclaimed, "and this is her last day!" The sentence ended in something like a groan.

"Well," replied a voice near at hand, "there must be last days for everybody and everything." The voice was full and musical, with a shading of melancholy. The speaker stood in the doorway, hat and cane in hand. "If this were my last day of bachelorhood, I don't think I could have stated it so woefully, nor have I put as much despair into the sentence. How are you, Frank?"

"He continued, entering the room slowly as the other remained motionless, gazing silently towards him. 'Don't know me? Sorry to see me? You are glazing!'"

"Dick Somers!" The name burst from the doctor's lips, and he rushed on his visitor, seizing and wringing the proffered hand. Again he stopped, his whole soul in his face and eyes.

"Well," said Somers, cheerfully, "what is on your mind, old man? Five years is a long time and Paris was a gay place; but five years and Richmond are not enough, surely, to effect such a change as this! And I shall have use again for that hand, perhaps, bones and all, so—"

"The last days of your bachelorhood—you said the last days of your bachelorhood, did you not? Then you are still a bachelor, Dick?"

"Well, yes," and Somers smiled wistfully into his friend's face. "The same old Brodnar," he continued, "headlong, enthusiastic, impetuous! What new scheme is afoot now? Do you want to offer me up on the altar of matrimony? If so, I draw the line there. Why, confound it, man, what is the matter with you?" he added; for the other, still retaining his hand, continued to regard him in deep thought.

"Sit down," said the doctor, drawing him towards a chair—"sit down." And Somers perforce accepted the seat. "Dick"—and the professional man stood over him—"I will welcome you formally to-morrow, but to-day you are the most welcome man on earth. I suppose I am headlong, enthusiastic and impulsive, but I am true, am I not?—true to my friends?"

"True? As truth itself, old fellow." And Somers, who had taken a cigar from a box on the table by his side, suspended the lighted match over the weed as he looked up. "Anybody been casting a doubt on that point?"

"And honorable?"

"You would take my word unsupported for any amount, would you not?"

Somers looked affectionately into the flushed, eager face above him and grew serious. "I would take your word, Frank, against the world, except in one event—"

"And that?"

"Well, if you speak disparagingly of yourself, Frank." Their hands met impulsively.

"Dick, don't laugh at me or think me out of my senses, but tell me seriously—is there any reason why you may not be married to-night?" Somers started to rise, a queer look upon his face.

"Sit down," said the doctor, with both hands on his shoulders. "Answer me frankly."

"Heaven's man, are you in your right senses?—but yes, this is only the same old Brodnar."

"You do not answer, Dick. You are treating me lightly, and I am desperately in earnest."

"Well, then, old fellow, I will answer you seriously. There is no reason on God's earth why I may not marry to-night. No heart will break, no trust be shattered, no one will care. Yes, one—my mother." He lifted his fine face towards his friend. It was again the characteristic half-wistful, half-mocking smile.

"You would not care, either, Dick? Not if by marrying you obliged a friend who enabled him to defeat a piece of villainy planned against the life and welfare of one of his dear friends? Not if it defeated a cowardly enemy? Oh, don't you see my whole soul is in this matter?" The doctor resumed his agitated pacing.

"Wouldn't it be best for me to kill him—in some genteel way—say—"

"No; killing is still a crime, but matrimony isn't—though often more immoral. And killing would settle with but one while matrimony wipes out the whole crowd."

"Which, unfortunately, includes me, if I guess well—but there you go again, Frank! Sit down, and I will be serious. Only—you will let me inquire into the details of this marriage which you have evidently planned for me—a man may inquire about his own marriage, may he not?" Somers' voice was now plaintive. The doctor did not answer on the moment, but walked to the window and gazed gloomily into the blue spring skies towards which the budding trees of the old capital were lifting their arms in welcome.

"Of course, it is absurd, Dick," he said, coming back, "and is obliged to strike you so; but, do you know, I be-

lieve that friendship is the one undying bond of our race. All others have their limitations—even love of man and woman burns itself out. I believe that somewhere between men such a friendship as this exists: to love where another loves instantly and forever; to hate where he hates blindly and implacably; to hold his honor higher and sweeter than life, his happiness above one's own; to feel this holy affection so strong that it permeates every quality of mind and body, and makes us in truth that which we believe our friend to be. In such a friendship, Dick, self perishes. We look into the eyes of our friend and say 'Command!' We do not question; we trust implicitly, blindly; and if we err—"

"Life is black forever!" Somers had arisen, and, taking his friend's hand, was regarding with affection his flushed face. "That is Frank Brodnar indeed," he continued. "You mean it, my dear fellow; and I am satisfied that if after five years of separation I should enter this room and say: 'My boy, if you have no previous engagement and the way is clear, you will do me a great kindness by stepping down the street and letting me marry you out of hand to a friend who is being or has been victimized'—wait, I am in earnest—you would take up your hat, smooth your hair, and join me before I reached the street or you had remembered the madman and babies at home. But, my dear fellow, I haven't the ability to throw myself headlong into a plot. It is constitutional that I do not excite easily. I must find my way up to par by stages; while you, you were born above par. You may guess from my metaphor what I have been doing of late, but it doesn't follow that I never reach the point of high tension. Nor does it follow that I am a cold-blooded fiend. A little sluggish blood sometimes saves a friendship. Sit down and tell me all about it."

"And that is just what I may not do," Somers studied the gloomy face a moment in silence.

"You may at least tell me what you would have me do, Frank."

"I would have you come here to-night, let me blind old you, take you to a certain room in this city have performed over you a ceremony which will unite you to a perfectly honorable woman, leave you there with her until dawn, when I shall bring you away. I would have you ask me no question."

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"—way, yes. Had you forgotten the circumstances? I used to rage over it enough in Paris, God knows. Pass the matches, please." Brodnar passed them and moved quickly to the rear of the speaker, lifting his right hand in excitement, his features working convulsively. "It did not help matters that they cushioned him for equality and pusillanimity, for they had let me resign, and my application for reinstatement lies unacted upon still. Frank, there is the open grave in my life, and the missing note is silent within it." He wheeled his chair about and looked up into his friend's face. "You would help it if you could, I know; and bless you, my boy, for your sympathy. What was it you wanted me to do? Oh, yes, the marriage. Let us get back to that. Am I to make a toilet? But of course—"

"You will do as you are. It will be in the dark, but, Dick, at this moment, for the first time, the full extent of your friendship dawns upon me and I see the generous heart beating away so faithfully in my behalf. Dick, there was a woman in the affair between you and Holbin; you have never told me of her and I don't ask you now, but if there is a sacrifice in this for you it is not too late."

"Sacrifice? Lend out! I am in the hands of my friends. I am not the first to leap blindfolded into the sea of matrimony, nor shall I be the last. Life is a cycle and fools forget fools. Besides, I have in my religious sense of the fatalism of the east: 'That which comes to us without our seeking and seemeth right to do, is generally the right thing to do. The falling coconut that breaks the sleeping robber's head feeds the starving pilgrim.'"

"Well said. And in this adventure, my friend, I take it that you are the coconut. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in God, and with His help you may break a villain's head indeed."

"But I shall be satisfied if my own isn't broken. By the way, my wife should understand that if this ugly rupture between the south and north involves blows, she may hear of her husband bearing arms against her."

"Fiddlesticks! There has been more blood shed in my back office than you will see spilled between the north and south. The people on the streets and up yonder in the capitol are temporarily insane. It will end in wind—my name for oratory." Cheers in the street below, followed by the discharge of a cannon, shook the windows. A boy rushed past, crying an extra.

"What does he say?" asked Somers, as Brodnar, who stood near the window, lifted his face.

"Fort Sumter has surrendered!"

CHAPTER II.

Richard Somers reentered the office of Dr. Brodnar as the clock was striking ten. He was in full evening dress and wore a white rose, a Lamerque, upon his lapel. As he stood drawing on his gloves Brodnar regarded him with silent admiration. The straight military figure of good height looked taller than it had. There was no suggestion of heaviness at any point, but behind the perfect lines lay, as he knew, an amount of strength and nervous force that would with restraining rank their owner among the athletes. But fine as was the framework of the man and his physical development, there was in the face, shadowed at the moment by broad, down-drooping lashes and mustache, patrician elegance, native refinement and innate nobility that commanded undivided attention. The slightly aquiline features were so fine as to be almost evenly matched brows and an expression indescribable by any other term than that invented by a Paris friend—"the Somers smile." One never appreciated the value of that smile until in some moment of emotion the face which wore it grew white and straight, and the level gaze of the man was encountered. Above a white, inclined forehead hair almost black lay in waves, but so closely as to be invisible the outlines of the splendid head. Such was Richard Somers at 28, a man feared even by women, envied by men, known to but few.

"It is better this way," he was saying of himself; "a man over something to his family and his bride in the matter of dress, even though he is not to see or be seen. And he owes a great deal to himself. By the way, I assumed that I am not to be seen—however, is that one of the questions I must not ask?"

"Your face is not to be seen, Dick, except in the dark—dimly. But I am glad, nevertheless, that you selected your dress suit; it does seem more in taste. By the way—speaking of Raymond Holbin—Dick, have you forgotten that he dated from this state in the army?—God knows where he was born. I see him, occasionally in Richmond, and—Brodnar paused and looked curiously on his companion—"have you ever been told that there is something not unlike in your personal appearance? Don't be offended, old fellow, but, between you and me, there isn't a more unprincipled rascal un-thing." Somers' face flushed once and the smile left it. He replied with some constraint:

"I did not know that he ever favored Richmond with his presence. I did know, however, that he once lived in this state. His was a presidential appointment. His mother years ago wielded considerable influence around Washington, especially among senators. As to the likeness, it has been commented on before, and I once caught a boy at school for discovering the fact. Does he make Richmond his home?"

"Of late, yes. But I see that you are annoyed. My dear fellow, very ugly people may resemble very handsome ones. Shall we start?"

"I am ready."

"This badinage," said Brodnar, "seems to imply a doubt of you, Dick, but believe me it has its proper use. In the future, if accident should confront you with the woman, neither of you will be embarrassed. She will, it is true, know your name, but unless she should look you up in days to come she will never see your face. Is that comfortable?—yes? Well, a moment and

we are gone. Your hand, my friend, now, and your word of honor. You will not look on this woman's face, nor seek in any way to discover from her, from me, or from anyone ought that I am seeking to conceal; under all circumstances you will yourself conceal from every one the facts of this night's business; and you accept the woman to whom we go as your wife with all the limitations I have outlined. I know that in your own heart you are resolved, but the honor of a woman is at stake, and you must promise me as man to man."

"As man to man, then, and upon the honor of Richard Somers, I promise. Lead on!" The chance passer-by who saw a blindfolded man led from the elegant apartments of Dr. Francis Brodnar was not surprised. The explanation was easy. But Somers himself was distinctly surprised at the length of the ride and the number of corners turned. It seemed to him that the carriage traversed more than once the same road, for in spite of himself he could not but take notice of such things. Dr. Brodnar desired the drift of his thoughts.

"For a man to note the direction of a journey," he said, "is a natural, almost automatic, action of the brain-cells—an inheritance from both animal and human ancestry. Therefore, Dick, if I have sought to confuse you by my queer route, it is only through distrust of the original and savage Somers, and to save all parties embarrassment. I trust few people. Here we are at last." Dismounting, he led his companion on a pavement, through a narrow gateway, the gate of which he unlocked, along a gravel walk with shrubbery on both sides for about 60 paces, up two stone steps to a door that had neither bell nor knocker, and into a woman's room.

How weak is human invention. Richard Somers gathered these facts without mental effort from small signs. The footfall upon the pavement, the search for the key, the clicking lock, the crowding, the gravel under foot, the touch of shrubbery, two steps at the door, and the indefinable air of every lady's room—the faint, blended odor of powders, toilet waters and pressed flowers. That it was the room of a refined woman he was sure in advance. Had he not been, there was the deep carpet into which his feet sank noiselessly.

And it was plain that he had come into a garden from a side street, since no residence would have opened from a woman's room into a walk that led directly to a main street.

Here, then, was a woman who lived upon a first floor with a private garden at her disposal. He had heard the gentle pushing of water outside; there was a fountain in this garden. On the morrow he had but to walk the city until he found the premises, if he would. So much for the secrecy of his friend Brodnar!

By this time Richard Somers was a deeply interested man. Despite his resolution to carry off the affair lightly, he began to feel the presence of something like a tragedy. Where was the woman who was to make use of him blindly and go through the form of a marriage? Dimly at first, perhaps as a matter of logic, he was conscious that she was in the room and near him. Then without more reason he became certain of it. The room was not dark, for he felt light upon his banded eyes. Instinctively he stretched out his hand.

Then there was laid within it another as soft as silken velvet and small and tremulous. The touch thrilled him from head to foot; it was the hand of a young woman—the timidity belonged to girlhood—and instantly a deep sympathy moved him. It was indeed an urgent cause that forced her into this situation, forced her, because now she was softly crying, and her emotion shook the little hand. Instantly his own hand closed above hers.

"Be not afraid, my child," he said; "all will be well." His voice, low and sympathetic, was the first to break the silence of that room. The girl ceased crying and her hand lay quiet within his own. Then the doctor spoke in a whisper:

"We are ready," he said to a third person; "make the ceremony as brief as possible." The other began:

"Richard Somers, do you take this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Without love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, for saking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

There was silence, and then Richard Somers said gravely: "I take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife; and I shall comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, to the best of my ability, as long as I shall continue to be her wedded husband. Is that sufficient, sir, to answer all legal requirements?"

"That is sufficient," said the unknown speaker. "Frances, wait thou have this man to be thy wedded husband—"

"To honor him at all times and in all hours while life shall last?" said Somers, interrupting. "I ask no more, no less."

Then upon his hearing fell a clear, musical voice, flawless as the note of a dove, plaintive as the wind-harp of the pines:

"Yes," it said, "to honor him at all times and in all hours while life shall last, whether in the days to come we meet again or we meet no more." He lifted his head quickly, his hand closed impulsively over hers, and a cry trembled upon his lips.

"That voice!" he said, deeply affected. "I have heard—but not!"—his chin sank upon his breast; "it cannot be." He caught the words of the unknown speaker beginning the invocation.

"Not!" he cried, almost fiercely, "it is a sacrilege!"

"Then," said the speaker, "it is sufficient to say that under authority vested in me by the state of Virginia I pronounce you man and wife." Somers stood silent and depressed. There was a whispered consultation; the inner door opened softly and some one passed out.

The scene and circumstances had powerfully affected the doctor.

"There were difficulties I had not foreseen," he murmured, "but you are gone."

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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The blue jay bobs upon the bough
Where robins sang in May
And loudly cries to me to rise
And greet the new-born day.
The snow whirled down across the dawn,
The wind howled through the trees;
The lark and oriole are gone,
But the bluejay calls to me!

I peep out at the wintry day.
The world is all a blur,
But the jay cries out as if to say:
"Good morning to you, sir!
See where he sits upon the limb
That swings him to and fro,
With a little heart inside of him
For all the winds that blow."

In summer when the tawny birds
Return for far away
With pleasing airs to sing, who cares
To hear the shrieking jay?
Ah, while you praise the robin when
June roses blow I'll bow
In friendship to the hero who
So bravely greets me now!

Out there he bobs where snowflakes fly,
And cries: "Arise! 'Tis day!"
The sky is thick and gray!
But, at my window, he can see
Me through the frosty pane,
And plainly I can hear him cry:
"Good morning to you, sir!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Why the Plot Failed

By D. A. Chauncey.

(Copyright, 1901, by the Author's Book Store.)

THE faces of the four men about the table testified that the conference was of the most important nature and that the situation was far from satisfactory. The tall, raw-boned man, with the eyes which seemed to turn inward, jammed himself still deeper into the easy chair in which he sat, bit off a mouthful of plug tobacco and, turning to the slender man to his right with the piercing black eyes and the prematurely gray head, asked:

"Brooks, are you sure these are all the votes we can get?"

"Dead sure," was the reply. "There isn't a single other fellow who is even wavering."

The tall man turned to the handsome, dapper, well-groomed, middle-aged man on his left.

"Are you sure we can depend absolutely on all of these, Murray?" he asked.

"Every one," replied Murray. "At least for to-morrow's ballot."

"We're only one shy," remarked the tall man, turning his eyes inward again and speaking with great deliberation. "I wouldn't care so much about shutting off the graft for the boys—although it would make it a dry session; but I am afraid that it will give the other fellows control of the organization. That's what Hatfield is figuring on. He wants to be governor."

There was a murmur of surprise. Brooks whistled and said, softly:

"It's more important than I thought. Why, Hatfield is impossible. If he were to be elected we might as well get off the earth. Are you sure, Joe?"

"Dead sure," was the reply. "And this is his opportunity. If they beat us to-morrow, it will be heralded all over the state as a victory over the 'boodle gang,' and Hatfield will get the credit for it. Then look out for the band wagon fellows. They will jump to get next to the other crowd, and we will be unable to figure on anybody—hey, Murray?"

"Exactly," replied Murray, gravely. "It's a very devil of a situation. Can't we postpone the vote, and take the lead in passing the confounded bill. Better let the graft go than to lose the organization."

"No," replied the tall man, setting his heavy jaw and knitting his bushy brows. "The trick would be too cheap and transparent. I wish to Heaven we had never started to fight the infernal thing, but we can't back out now."

There was a silence of some minutes, when suddenly the leader arose with resolution written all over his lanky frame. He strode across the room and pushed a button.

"Find Billy O'Connor, and tell him I want to see him," he said to the bell boy.

"How much money can he use?" he asked the short, stocky man with the gray side whiskers.

"We've spent a lot, you know," replied Lester. "Still, we must not lose control. How much must we have?"

"Ten thousand; maybe fifteen."

"Whew!" whistled Lester, arching his eyebrows.

"The situation is desperate," said the leader. "We must resort to desperate action."

"I'll get the money," replied Lester, after a moment's pause. "What's the game, Joe? There's positively not another fellow who can be touched with money."

The leader's eyes became dull and expressionless as he remarked:

"I have an idea that Hatfield may not be present to vote to-morrow."

"Hatfield?" exclaimed the three in unison. "You wouldn't offer him money?"

"Certainly not," replied the leader, "but I have a presentiment that he may be ill to-morrow."

Just then the door opened, and a short, thick-set man, with a heavy black mustache and rather a low forehead, bustled in, evidently greatly puffed up at being summoned to the inner councils of the party leaders.

"Can you trust this woman you spoke of the other day—the one you got to pump Tolman while he was drunk?" asked the leader.

"Sure," replied O'Connor. "Has she nerve? Will she do some strong work for big money?"

"She's out for the dough, and she's dead game," replied O'Connor.

"O'Connor," said the leader, eyeing the man, sharply. "If the Trilby bill passes to-morrow, there is no more graft from the railroads for years to come. More than that, we will find ourselves outside the breastworks. They have one vote the best of it. You will have this woman get a room, and to-morrow early write a note, a copy of which I will give you. It will be an appeal to Hatfield to come to her at once and help her in a case of

dire necessity. He is always doing those kind of fool things. She must lure her wits to get him to take a drink of something—water, tea, beer, anything with 'dope' in it. Immediately after the vote is taken she will be given \$10,000 if Hatfield does not answer to his name. The vote comes at 12 o'clock. She can take a train and be safe out of reach before anything happens."

"That's pretty strong, colonel," remarked O'Connor. "It's the 'pea' for anybody who gets pinched."

"She must leave the state the instant the vote is taken," replied the leader. "She won't sign the letter with her own name. Anyway, it's the only way to save the day. The beauty of it is that it will not only defeat the bill but keep Hatfield explaining why he failed to show up at the critical moment. We will manage to have the papers hint at boodle and all that—and it may prove awkward for him to explain why he was in the woman's room drugged—or drunk, at such an hour."

"All right," replied O'Connor. "But I've got to be protected if there's trouble."

"Did you ever know us to leave a friend in the lurch?" replied the leader. "And, O'Connor, if \$10,000 won't do it, more can be had. Fix it to-night, and let me hear from you before you go to bed."

Senator Thomas Hatfield found himself climbing the stairs of a questionable hotel at 9:30 o'clock the next morning. He had been annoyed at the call because he needed all his time and energies to complete the victory he had in his grasp. But the note was so pleading and the necessity apparently so urgent and the story of persecution so strong that he had determined to give a brief quarter of an hour before the session began to the cause.

The game worked only too easily. He had walked rapidly and was perspiring and thirsty. She offered him a glass of water. He took it, and before she had fairly started to tell her story his head had sunk on his breast. As she partly relented, partly lifted him onto a lounge a letter fell from his pocket. He had just written it and put it into his pocket to mail. The address on the envelope caught her eye. She started and trembled like a leaf. It was the name of her daughter, the daughter who had never known her and believed her mother dead, the daughter she had placed with strangers in a distant city that she might grow up without a knowledge of her mother's shame.

She took out the letter and read it. It was full of manly tenderness and affection. It spoke of the coming marriage, and of his high hopes of making her mistress of the governor's mansion.

The woman fell on her knees in an agony of remorse. Here she had contrived to cast the blighting shadow of her life of sin onto the person she wanted most to guard; to blot the one little corner in her life where the heart beats were pure and true. It was her hand that had done the felt work that was to prevent her daughter—the only person on earth for whom she had an honest affection—from being the wife of a governor. And the horror nearly overcame her when it swept through her mind that he would be found there in her room in that hotel, apparently drunk. His character would be besmirched. The girl would hear of it and suffer all the humiliation.

With a wild cry she sprang to the couch and fiercely shook the unconscious man. But it was in vain. Presently she forced herself to be calm and think. She hurried to a drug store and secured some remedies to neutralize the drug. Then she went back and went to work patiently and intelligently, with anxious eyes on the clock.

The senate was in an uproar. When the session opened there was surprise at Hatfield's absence. He was to have made the closing speech for the bill. Messengers went post haste to his hotel and to all his haunts, but he could not be found. Another senator had to make the closing speech.

The hour of 12 arrived and the vote was demanded. The roll call began. When Hatfield's name was called there was no response. The adherents of the bill were furious. The others were no less surprised, with the exception of five, and these five wore faces that were inscrutable.

The roll was finished and as the lieutenant governor arose to announce the result a voice rang high above the tumult in the chamber, calling for a verification of the vote. Every head was turned to behold Hatfield, with heavy eyes and disheveled hair, stagger into the chamber and demand to be recorded "aye."

The wedding was celebrated after he was inaugurated as governor, and as the bridal party emerged from the church a woman, painted and bedizened, broke through the cordon of police and snatched a rose from the bouquet carried by the bride. They hustled her to the station, but not before she had hidden the rose in her bosom.

The Legion of Honor.

The French Legion of Honor is the biggest order of merit. It numbers 35,000 members.

A Lost Customer.

The grocer thought the old man had come to make a kick about some purchase, but he hadn't, although he looked like a kicker. What he had come to say was:

"I see washboards outdoors marked at seven cents."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll give you 10¢."

"Couldn't do it."

"Ten and three-quarters."

"Noap."

"Then you go to grass, and I'll go across the street and buy ten dozen shirt buttons for a quarter." Chicago Daily News.

Contributor reading aloud—His eyes were riveted on her face. Magazine Editor "Riveted" here cut that out. If he didn't belong to the union you'll have all the bookmakers in this country down on us.

Love Across the Continent.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

have safely passed them, my friends. And now I must leave you. Dick, I have placed in your hands the honor of a woman—and my own. I will return for you before it is light. Remember! The gas is now extinguished and you may remove the bandage."

He drew the girl towards him tenderly. "You may trust him implicitly. For the rest, all is now safe. Good night, and God bless you both." He laid his hand reverently upon the girl's head, clasped his friend's hand and would have passed out, but the hand he clasped restrained him, and Somers spoke feelingly as he drew him aside:

"Is this necessary—this remaining? Think how—"

"Absolutely! I read a decision last week, and I must have a marriage that will stand the test of the highest court."

"You read a decision? Are you not acting under the advice of your lawyers?"

"Lawyers be hanged! I know Virginia law. A simple acknowledgment before a witness, with this addition, fixes everything. Don't balk now, Dick; it won't be long."

"I was not thinking of myself," said Somers. "Good night." He stood a moment in thought, then turned to his companion. In the darkness but not dark room he saw a slender, girl-like figure near him, the face bent forward and hidden in her hands.

"Come," he said, cheerfully, "let us sit down and talk it all over. It is true we are married, but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends, I suppose. If you will find me a chair, I am sure you will confer a great favor. By the way, what shall I call you? 'Madam' or 'Mrs. Somers' sounds too awfully formal. Shall I say—"

"Call me Frances," she said, simply. She understood without analyzing that he was trying to make it easier for her, and was grateful.

"Frances! What a beautiful name! I like it already because it is the feminine of Francis. Yes, the armchair will do, and I shall sit here by the table. And you? Oh, I seem to see you snug in the rocker in front of this. I suppose, is the proper arrangement for a family party when the meter isn't working; but I know very little about it. I never was married before, and I suppose you are quarried in the dark." It made him happy to hear her friendly little laugh, even though it was instantly checked.

"By the way," he continued, "do you know anything of me? I am to ask no questions concerning you, but I suppose we may talk about me, may we not?"

"I know that you are a friend of Dr. Brodner, and what he has told me. You are a stranger in Richmond and a gentleman. But I would have known that you are a gentleman anyway."

"Thank you, Miss Frances; that was nicely said."

"Frances!" he insisted.

"I am sorry," said the girl, after a moment's silence, "but if you wish, let it remain that way."

"But I am curious to know how it was that you so quickly decided in my favor the question of gentility."

"My mother told me, when I was little, that any man in whose presence a girl or child feels at ease is a gentleman at heart, and somehow I trusted in you from the moment you spoke. But Dr. Brodner told me—"

"We?"

"Told me such beautiful things—stories of your life; I seemed to feel, sir, that I had known you always."

"And what has Brodner been saying of me?—I can blush unseen."

"He told me you were brave."

"Most men are. And at times all animals."

"That you loved flowers, birds, horses, children and old people—"

"Objects that can't get away from me. Go on."

"That you are generous to a fault—"

"Especially my own—or his."

"And that no woman on God's green earth, those were his words, ever appealed to you for help in vain. He told me once he saw you get out of your carriage in Paris in your evening suit, pick up a drunken old woman who had fallen, and carry her to a house of refuge—and, oh, sir, you did it because you said the noblest, the most sacred image on earth to a man should be a woman's form, the form like unto that of his mother—too sacred for the laughter and jeers of a city's idlers—"

"Indorse the sentiment, whosever it is. But what a sad gossip Brodner is!"

"But you did do this, didn't you?"

"Would it please you to think that I did?"

"Would it! Why, sir, it was that that made me trust you!"

"Trust me? You were crying."

"Because—because—this is a most strange position for you to find me in, Mr. Somers. I thought that I wouldn't care; and I did not, until you came. But I did then. And that's why I cried. Somehow, I felt that in spite of all at stake, it ought not to have happened this way."

"I understand. But in my estimation, my child, you have sacrificed nothing."

"You did not think so—but—but—"

He took up the thought.

"But you are grieved because you are saying: 'Now here is a gentleman who, I have suddenly discovered, I wish to respect me for myself, and as a refined, modest girl, and what must be the thing of one who is willing to be locked up here in a room with him all night!—the girl caught her breath and half rose from her chair—'and for what? I cannot tell him. I am bound not to tell him. I must sit by and see him sacrifice himself to friendship!"

"Oh, sir, do you think—"

She bent forward suddenly and, hiding her face in her hands, rested them upon his knees. He placed his own hand lightly upon her head and wondered if it were treason to have discovered that her hair was a mass of curls and clustering ringlets.

"That is only what you are saying to yourself, not what I am thinking. When I called you 'child' I observed you from all the crimes of womanhood. There are many actions that flow nat-

urality from childish hearts which carry not the slightest flavor of immorality; and yet a woman may not copy them. So in this, my young friend."

"Ah, you do not say 'my child' now?"

"No, you have passed into womanhood with the consciousness of this error. I say error, because it is a situation that you should not have been placed in—no, not to save human life—not even to save your own; for the unscarred whiteness of a woman's soul is the priceless pearl of eternity, and not to be staked on earth. But the thought behind it all was not your own. You yielded under the pressure of fear and advice. Your objections were overcome, and you obeyed an older person in whom you had implicit confidence. That is all, and I understand."

"Then they did not tell you about me!" she whispered, breathlessly.

"No; you have told me all that I know of you here in the dark. You are tender, modest, true and pure; and were you my wife in truth, I would not be ashamed to tell this story to the world myself and own you as such after."

"The words fell from his lips so tenderly, so kindly, she took his hand in both of hers, and laid her face upon it, crying silently.

"The blame of it all is on our friend, the doctor," he continued, deeply touched, and his voice a little huskily. "What a tumultuous, headlong, hasty decision sort of fellow he is! There is no blame for you; for look, if I am here, how could you have resisted him? And it is only his judgment that was at fault, after all—only his judgment. Why, a truer heart never beat than Brodner's."

"Would it offend you if I ask a question?" she had waited for composure, and now did not lift her head.

"Why, no, of course."

"You are right sure?"

"Right sure."

"Then, how could any gentleman consent to be placed in such a position as yours? You must have known how embarrassing it was to be for me." His first inclination was to whistle out his astonishment, but he restrained himself.

"You forget, my child—I see you have been backslid into childhood—you forget that in the first place I was appealed to in behalf of a woman and no gentleman may resist that. And then I had no reason to suspect that I was to marry a girl. It might have been an experienced widow. Indeed—"

"But you are glad it wasn't, are you not?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, my child."

"Does my question then indicate that I am a child?"

"Yes, my child."

"I don't see why."

"Because you are still—a child." She was not satisfied.

"Mr. Somers, I want you to think well of me always, and the thought that I may meet you sometime doesn't embarrass me now. It would not embarrass me if I did meet you—even if I should meet you to-morrow. But I wish you to know all about me, and I am going to tell you everything from the beginning."

"No, indeed, you shall not," he said quickly. She lifted her head, startled.

"Why not—if I choose? I am not afraid to trust you."

"No! no! Miss Frances."

"Ah, I am a woman again!"

"Yes, a woman of a charming so sweet and a heart so true that Richard Somers must arm himself. Not your honor, but mine, the honor of your husband, is at stake, and you promised to regard that always."

"And I shall, sir; only tell me how."

"Why, I have promised my friend not to seek to find out, or permit anyone to tell me anything about you. I may not tell even you inform me. You must not."

She was silent, disturbed, and wondering at his intense earnestness.

Then she said, in awe at the mystery of it all: "When we part to-night we are to meet as friends no more? You may never take my hand in yours and speak kindly to me again? Oh, sir, you do not know, you do not know what your tenderness has done for the girl—the woman you call a child. You do not know what it is to have missed a father's care, a mother's love."

"Blush!" he cried, "not one word more. You are making it hard—hard for me to keep faith with my friend. You are betraying his secret." She threw off his hand and arose suddenly with an abandon of passion that overwhelmed him.

"What a mockery! what a mockery! I am ashamed—ashamed! It is I who am betrayed!" He had arisen almost full of emotion and almost unmanly.

"Never—at my hands. I will honor and protect you—to the best of my ability; but my ability ends where my promise began. All is based upon my contract with Francis Brodner, my friend."

"Friend—friend!" she said, bitterly. "In God's name, sir, what am I to you?"

"He too deeply affected to answer at once. When he did his voice was unsteady."

"This: In the hour I have been here you have found an entrance way to the heart of Richard Somers. I know now that no woman was ever there before you; none will ever follow you. I may not be here to give you my hand—I do not know the circumstances that surround you, or even if in winning your sympathy I am playing false—but wherever you are, remember that my soul follows, and I would keep guard over you if I might." He spoke with an earnestness and passion that startled and alarmed himself. Something like a great burst from his lips when he realized how far

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANDOZ, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, April 6, 1901.

It is said that Clinton D. Silwell is soon to be appointed postmaster of Providence.

Lawyer Knox of Pittsburg, Pa., has accepted the position of Attorney General in McKelvey's cabinet.

If you have any back numbers of the Mercury to dispose of look at the advertisement on the eighth page.

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a bill making the fare on all steam railroads two cents a mile.

The common pleas division of the supreme court will open its April session on Monday at 11 o'clock, Judge J. T. Blodgett presiding.

It's the "Constitution." The Herreshoff cup defender will bear this name. Will she conduct herself as well as her historic namesake?

The annual whist entertainment for the benefit of the Rogers High School Athletic Association will take place in Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening next.

Aguinaldo prefers to be the "guest" of Gen. MacArthur in hiding in the bush from Uncle Sam's soldiers, even if the eagle eye of half a dozen blue coats with guns is on him all the time.

Aguinaldo wants to visit the United States. Perhaps he thinks that he would be more comfortable as the guest of his Boston friends and admirers than skipping around in the wilds of Luzon.

Pension Commissioner Henry Clay Evans has been mentioned as a possible successor to Governor Allen of Porto Rico. Mr. Evans' career in the pension office has been more than satisfactory to all except the fraudulent claim agents.

The street department took advantage of a pleasant Sunday this week to patch up some of the numerous holes in the asphalt pavement of Thames street. The repairs may be considered somewhat of an improvement but the pavement is far from being in a smooth condition.

Mr. Eugene Schreier is in communication with parties in California who propose to come here this summer and open an ostrich farm show. The object is to show that these valuable birds can be raised in the east as well as any where. The enterprise in California has proved a great success.

A Chicago despatch says: "Mrs. Potter Palmer is negotiating for the purchase of a large estate at Newport, and may build a new residence of splendid proportions there. Her social success at Newport two years ago has, it is thought, induced her to make Newport her regular country home."

The milk war in Boston between the milk producers and the large contractors seems in a fair way to settlement, and both sides will probably make concessions. The farmers of this island should compare the prices that they receive for milk with the amounts paid to producers for the Boston market and note the difference.

The 26th Regiment is expected to arrive in San Francisco next Tuesday on the transport Gerome. The regiment on arrival will go into camp at the Presidio. A vote of the soldiers will later be taken as to whether they will be discharged there and come home as private citizens with some \$150 mileage each, or whether they prefer to come home at the expense of the Government and be discharged east, without mileage.

The Newport police commission bids fair now to be the issue in the coming fall campaign in Newport. The Mayor's vigorous attack of the measure Tuesday night leaves no question as to how he stands. He naturally feels that the office of mayor is shorn of much responsibility and some of its honors. To an energetic man like our present mayor this inactivity and this lack of power to accomplish anything for the good of the city is very distasteful.

Mayor Garretson's Address.

When the city council met in joint convention on Tuesday night Mayor Garretson took occasion to explain his position on several questions of interest to the city. He spoke as follows:

The magnificent prosperity of these United States had its foundation laid July 4, 1776, when the divine right of self-government was given, practically for the first time by constitution to a whole people. The experiment to the Anglo-Saxon race of chartered rights was first given, as you all know, under King John, and called Magna Charta, in 1215, nearly 700 years ago. In short, the right of self-government in the two great English-speaking races has placed them in the first position of nations.

England, limited in her rights, somewhat, nevertheless has given home rule to its colonies, and their success is unquestionable. She learned a bitter lesson in 1776, when a political combine for its own ends drove the American colonies to revolution, and since that era she has respected constitutional government. In but one instance does she seem to fail of success, and that is where she has curtailed those rights; namely, in Ireland.

Now, therefore, to come down from 1776 to 1901, we find a city with a population of 23,000 people, well educated, refined and surrounded with every comfort and luxury; known from one end of America to the other; known as a loyal town in the dark days of the Revolution and sent many a citizen to the front never to return—suddenly confronted by the startling fact that her citizens were considered little better than Cubans or Tagalogs and her rights

taken away by state government and a triumvirate appointed, not by her own citizens but by a governor who had absolutely no knowledge of her wants or affairs other than what was acquired at long distance.

Gentlemen, I mean Newport, which was declared a town with its own laws in 1639 and later as a city with a charter which should be respected in every respect by the state at large and its system of government altered only by the will of its own people. Suddenly one day we awoke and found, as you all know, that the state of Rhode Island sent in the message that we were unfit for self-government and by moral force placed at our head a triumvirate which now practically rules us, and the powers and rights which belong to us have been taken away. I will not refer to the conditions which led up to this. They are immaterial as far as vested rights were concerned. If we were in a demoralized condition, or if we were not, the citizens of this city had and still have the sacred right of suffrage and could and will exercise that right according to their own views, and not by those 30 miles away.

This is a serious question and not a party issue. Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants, white and colored, alike are in the same position. We are stamped and labeled, heralded and proclaimed by our own state as its only city unfit to govern itself, and so known throughout the whole United States. Comparisons are odious, gentlemen, but sometimes must be made. The state, when the question came before it whether Central Railroad and Pawtucket, both manufacturing cities composed of Italians, French Canadians, Syrians—in fact, almost all nations—should be governed by themselves or no, decided their absolute fitness for self-government. In these two cities citizens of all political shades and color, biased partisans and unbiased partisans, proclaimed in most unmistakable fashion their joy at the escape from degradation so recently placed upon us.

In the great state of New York with its seven millions of people we have lately witnessed a scene worthy of true Americanism. The machine politicians, represented in the senate of Tioga county, has met his Wellington in Governor Odell, who has behind him not only the people of the state of New York but the whole American people, in that he defied Platt to interfere with the city of New York and, to use a racing expression, has won "hands down," and the city of New York intends and will govern itself. We don't want Platism and we don't want Crokerism; in short, we want and will demand the right to govern ourselves according to our constitutional rights.

I am not speaking, gentlemen, as a Republican mayor elected by the people, and whose powers were taken away by the state, which should have guaranteed our rights, but as a citizen of this city, this state and of the United States of America. If we are to have a police commission to govern us, let that be determined by our own citizens at the polls, and in what measure it is to be made up. This grave question is for your decision. We cannot and will not stand cowardly citizens in fear and trembling behind such trenches as expediency and policy. We have rights which are sacred. We want and will have them, no matter what the cost. Let political issues be at stake if you will, let us differ as to right in statecraft, but on the rights of American citizenship, never.

If the people of this city want a police commission with their present powers and at a cost of \$3,000 or more, well and good. But, gentlemen, in that case abolish the office of mayor entirely as a useless and bygone relic, and let him save an annual expenditure of \$1,200 to the empty title. You could then hold at least responsibility somewhere. To-day the position of chief executive is a force. An hour each day at the City Hall, listening to a few citizens complaining of lack of work and referring them as a matter of form to the twice a month as a chairman, and perhaps deciding a tie vote; during the first week of each month stepping up to the city treasurer and receiving a check for \$100. Now, I don't want that, nor does any other self-respecting citizen. The honor of being the mayor of Newport should be worthy of the name and in deed, as well. If, on the other hand, the people do not want a police commission, do not for Heaven's sake let that decision depend on underground politics and unknown influences, sealed and stamped by state interference. Restore our ancient and true home-bred powers. The people by their votes decide the fitness of candidates. In short, a community gets as good a government as it deserves or wants.

There is no doubt about it, we have not been perfect nor are we now, but I venture to say that fewer cities in this country, taking them as a whole, are cleaner. If we are not as clean, morally, as we should be, the fault must lie at the doors of those who are content to stay at home and hold up their pious hands in holy horror instead of proclaiming their dissatisfaction in good old Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness. Let vigor, manhood and eternal vigilance be our armor, and let us get behind the shield of political intrigue because it saves us the trouble of taking active parts.

Now, gentlemen, how are we to decide these matters. We are here to work for the interest of the city, were so elected by the people, and they have entrusted themselves to our care. We cannot at present have our powers restricted, but happily from late Indian stories the prospect is bright. Therefore let us show our mettle, eschew expediency and policy for political effect, forget party issues, work in that spirit which is so harmoniously manifesting itself and do our duty.

We have grave questions before us. The unsightly and disgraceful condition of Long wharf is now in the thoughts of the people and their desire is for its improvement. We must adopt some plan at once for this work. We have before us the handwriting on the wall, over-expenditure and the knowledge that we are spending more than we have a right to, both legally and morally. Now, what must we do to stop this? How must we raise funds to meet existing requirements? Gentlemen, we are all of us business men, and each year we take account of stock and our balance sheet gives the result. As you will probably appoint a commission in regard to Long wharf, which will go into the cost of large improvements, bear in mind that the still more important question arises: Where is the money to come from to spend, especially as the treasury is depleted? Should not a commission be appointed to deal most seriously with our finances and find out how we can increase our income or decrease our expenses?

The method to be adopted, it seems to me, is, in the first place, to find out real and personal value. Much property in certain sections is over-valued and would show a great decrease in resource. In short, our stock-taking will

show some depreciated goods, while on the other hand another section is undervalued. Precisely is this so in regard to personal property. There, we will find our stock advanced in value. Our balance sheet will tell us where we stand. We can, and not till then, determine our proper valuation and on that our stock in trade, the whole of our financial problem, rests. We certainly need from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year more income and our very low tax rate would probably have to be increased. This is by no means an easy problem; it is one of very grave importance, and the day of reckoning is at hand.

Such questions confront us. Therefore let us go to work and when our stewardship is closed we will feel the satisfaction that we have done our duty both to ourselves and to those who placed us here, and so let us prove by all our wits the worth of that citizenship which is now resting under a cloud.

Washington Matters.

President McKinley Hears of the Capture of Aguinaldo—Question of Disposal of the Capt. is Giving the Administration no Concern—No Impeachment of Judges in North Carolina—The Growth of the Shipbuilding Industry—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1901.

President McKinley is delighted with the news from the Philippines, including the capture and daring capture of Aguinaldo, by Gen. Fred Funston, and the continued surrender of Filipino officers and men as well as the rapid progress of the establishing of civil government in the various provinces by the Taft commission. It looks as though peace and prosperity were ahead of the Philippines, and that both would come much sooner than the most sanguine would have predicted a few weeks ago. President McKinley promptly assisted Senator Burton and Representatives Curtis and Long, of Kansas, that Gen. Funston's good work should be rewarded, and as promptly made him a Brigadier General in the regular army, although this action on the part of the President did not meet the approval of some of the army fossils who say that Gen. Funston is too young to be a Brigadier General in the regular army—he is only 35. The answer to that argument is that Funston earned his commission as Brigadier General of Volunteers by his bravery and gallantry, and that now he has earned a similar commission as a regular; what a man is old enough to earn he is old enough to have. To properly reward him was to encourage future Funstons to perform gallant deeds when the occasion for them arises.

Much clap-trap has been sent from Washington about the President and Cabinet worrying over what shall be done with Aguinaldo. Nothing could be further from the truth. There has been no worrying and no occasion for any. Aguinaldo is a prisoner of war, and as such is likely to receive the same kind treatment given others from time to time captured. Whether he will be allowed to recover his liberty by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States or will be kept in confinement in the Philippines or elsewhere, will depend largely upon future recommendations, made by our military authorities in the Philippines, and those recommendations will doubtless be influenced by the attitude of Aguinaldo himself toward American rule on the islands. There is nothing in the situation to cause any worry in Washington, or elsewhere.

The insinuation that the President and Secretary Root were not disposed to give Gen. Funston proper credit for capturing Aguinaldo is fully answered by Funston's promotion, and by the following cablegram sent to Gen. MacArthur by Adjutant General Corbin: "The President instructs me to express his high appreciation of the gallant conduct of Gen. Funston and of the officers and men of the army and navy engaged with him in the Palanan expedition. The Secretary of War personally joins in this expression."

It is very confidently expected by the President and Secretary Root that the improved conditions in the Philippines will make it unnecessary to recruit the army to the full strength authorized by Congress. No order will be issued to stop the recruiting until Gen. MacArthur and the Taft commission have been fully heard from, but both the President and the Secretary of War are fully determined that no more men shall be recruited than are considered absolutely necessary to meet the conditions, and that will be extremely gratified if the total of the army can be kept far below the maximum fixed by Congress. Neither wishes for a large army unless it is necessary.

Judge Boyd, of North Carolina, former Assistant Attorney General, who was in Washington when the news of the collapse of the attempt to impeach the judges of the Supreme Court of his state was received. Speaking of the matter, Judge Boyd said: "There could have been no other honest verdict. There was never any ground of impeachment in the first place, but the places of the judges were wanted, and it was thought that they could be ousted by impeachment proceedings. What seems strange to me is that the trial did not attract much attention. If there had been an impeachment of judges of any other state in the Union, there would have been columns of the story printed with pictures of the judges, of the Senators who formed the court, and of the principal lawyers in the case. There were many interesting and even dramatic features in the trial."

The entire exhibit of the Post Office Department, which will be the largest and most complete ever shown anywhere, for the Pan-American Exposition, has been shipped to Buffalo. Mr. C. B. Orcutt, of Elizabeth, N. J., President of the Newport News (Va.) Ship Building Company, who is in Washington for the purpose of signing a contract with the Navy Department for constructing the Charleston, which is to replace the cruiser of the name wrecked in the Philippines, speaking of the great prosperity of the shipbuilding industry, said: "The total ships under construction in our yards will represent a cost of nearly \$23,000,000, when completed. About one third of this is merchant work, and the other two thirds are for the government. The Korea, building for the Pacific Company, which was recently successfully launched, is the largest merchant vessel ever constructed in this country. Her sister ship, the Siberia, should be ready for launching in about two months. The ships we now have under construction are the battleships Illinois and Missouri, one sheathed battleship, two armored cruisers, one protected cruiser and the monitor Arkansas. In addition to the two Pacific mail steamers, we are building four steamers for the Morgan line. We are now employing 8,500 men, and before many days we shall have 7,000 on the rolls."

Block Island.

Mr. J. Eugene Littlefield has just returned from Boston where he made a thorough examination of the new steamer which is being built for service between this island and Newport. He thinks it doubtful if the vessel will be completed before the first of July.

A special town meeting has been called for Tuesday next for the purpose of voting on the question to appropriate \$30,000 for the completion of the new steamer. The original appropriation was \$50,000 and the further amount of \$20,000 is now asked. Considerable opposition to the extra appropriation has been developed and a very brisk fight is anticipated on Tuesday.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being constitutional, it requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only medicine that cures it. It is a blood-purifier and acts directly upon the blood, destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and restoring nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer the Hundred Dollar reward for anyone that will cure a case of Catarrh. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Be sure and get Hall's Family Pills as the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1901.	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Full Moon 24, 25, 26, evening.
Last Quarter 11th, 12th, morning.
New Moon 18th, 19th, evening.
First Quarter 25th, 26th, morning.

A. O'D. TAYLOR

OFFERS FOR RENT.
1st—Two excellent offices, 24 door on Thames street, in one of the best business parts of the city. Furnished and heated, \$50 a year each.
2d—A suite of three communicating rooms, close to Washington square, on Thames street, well adapted for any Club or Society; one room large enough for a lecture or dancing hall. Rent of all three \$150. Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport. Open house, 9 morning till evening. Telephone, 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 24 inst., Elizabeth Champlin, widow of Charles H. Langley.
In this city, 4th inst., at the residence of his parents, Michael and Julia Curran, 37 West Broadway, Patrick Curran.
At Padua, Pa., March 29, Howard Smith, of this city, in his 64th year.
In this city, 4th inst., Elizabeth Goldell, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Briggs of Providence, R. I.
In this city, 24 inst., Felix Peterson, aged 22 years.
In this city, 4th inst., at his residence, 27 Highland street, John J. Sullivan, aged 42 years.
In Little Compton, 24 inst., Adeline C. Wilbur, in her 84th year.
In Providence, 24 inst., Edwin Benson, 70; 24 inst., Samuel Curtis, 63; 21 inst., Edward Harwood Burroughs, 65; 18 inst., Jane A. wife of Smith P. Briggs, 52; 18 inst., Susan, wife of James Medley, in her 54th year.
At Westport Point, 24 inst., Charles P. Sowe, aged 31 years, 1 month, and 12 days.
In Westerly, 24 inst., Francis F. Beckwith, in his 24th year.
In Westerly, 24 inst., John C. Larkin, in his 24th year.
In Bristol, 24 inst., William J. Thuman, in his 24th year.
In Warwick, 24 inst., Andrew W. Warner, in his 72d year.
In Central Falls, 24 inst., Sarah Waterhouse, in her 72d year.
In Anthony, 24 inst., Mary A. widow of Rev. Jeremiah Potter, in her 82d year.
In North Kingston, 24 inst., Francis Fish, in her 72d year.
In Pawtucket, 1st inst., Mary, sister of William P. Moroney, in her 84th year.
In Westport Point, 24 inst., Mrs. C. widow of John S. Bishop, in her 84th year.
In Pawtucket, 24 inst., Herbert, widow of Thomas S. Ashford, in her 84th year.

Building Sites.

1 EXCELLENT BUILDING SITES on Hope Street and Power Avenue. \$1200 and \$1500 each.

3 COTTAGE SITES

on Prospect Hill Street, \$200, \$100 and \$100.

PLATS AT MY OFFICE.

SIMEON HAZARD.

Telephone 48. Newport, R. I.



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nervousness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the bowels, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

As they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all, sick head

In the face of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are not a cathartic, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In retail 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 4, 1901.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of the late WILLIAM P. BALL, late of said New Shoreham deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.
MAY A. BALL, Administrator with the Will annexed.

NOTICE.

The adjourned meeting of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Juvenile Industry will be held in the assembly rooms of Victor Geth, Esq., 101 Westminster street, Providence, R. I., on Monday, April 8, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m. At this meeting the committee appointed to visit Narragansett Park, with a view of holding a fair this fall, will make their report. A full attendance of the members is desired.
JOHN H. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 24th day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Elizabeth C. Cotton, Administratrix on the estate of WILLIAM H. COTTON, deceased, by her Attorney, Thomas J. Hoinyne, presented this day to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying for leave to sell certain real estate, to wit: a certain parcel of real estate situated in said Newport, and particularly described in said petition, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family and of settling his estate according to law and said petitioner having applied to said Court of Probate to give title to said parcel of real estate to said petitioner given in all persons interested in said petition, will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, A. D. 1901.

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS, by his Attorney, Frank E. Nolan, having this day filed in this office a petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying that letters of administration, de bonis hominibus, be granted to the estate of

late of said Newport, deceased, may be granted to him, the said Gardiner B. Reynolds, or some other suitable person; and said petitioner having applied to me to give notice thereof by advertising in the Newport Mercury.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 8th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

NEW CARPETS.

Just received a large stock of

New Carpets,

Oil Cloths, Linoleums,

WALL PAPERS,

Window Shades, &c.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

155 THAMES STREET.

In Spite of Foes,

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING.

KING'S END, by Alice Brown, author of THE SENTIMENTALISTS, by Arthur Stannard Pier, being Vol. 2 of Harper's series of AMERICAN NOVELS by American Authors.

CATHERINE WILSON, by Guy de Maupassant.

A TRAITOR IN LONDON, by Eugene Ionesco.

THEODORE PARKER, PREACHER AND REFORMER, by John White Chadwick.

Carr's Book Shop,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

TELEPHONE 594.

H. A. Heath & Co.,

JEWELER and OPTICIAN.

162 Thames Street, - Newport.

One More Unfortunate.

Providence, April 3.—The body of Miss Annie C. Richardson, 21 years of age, whose home was in Dancet, Mass., was sent to Lowell, Mass., yesterday. She having died here after a fortnight's suffering. She was taken to a hospital under conditions that were brought to the attention of the police at the time, and her death is now certified to by a medical examiner as the result of a criminal operation. The woman's mother and father committed suicide some years ago by chopping arms and jumping from a bridge at Boston.

Excludes Catholics and Negroes

Hoston, April 3.—In the will of David W. Hitchcock of this city, filed yesterday in the probate office, appears a clause, bearing upon a bequest made to Wellesley Female Seminary to establish scholarships for worthy young women, which says: "I exclude Roman Catholics and colored persons because I feel that the introduction into said seminary of pupils who differ essentially in race and religion from the others may prevent the best interests thereof."

Swiped Wife With Leg of Mutton

Providence, April 2.—George Dunlap was before Judge Sweetland yesterday for assault. Dunlap and his wife had words while the latter was getting the Sunday dinner. Dunlap picked up a leg of mutton which was on the way to the table and with it floor Mrs. Dunlap, and followed it with a number of swishes of the mutton upon the prostrate woman. Dunlap was given a light jail sentence.

Rumors of Governor's Resignation

San Juan, P. R., April 5.—Persistent rumors of the impending resignation of Governor Allen, now on his way to the United States, are in circulation in San Juan. William H. Hunt, secretary of Porto Rico and acting governor, denies any intention from Mr. Allen of such an intention, but it is regarded as significant that Mr. Hunt moved his family and effects yesterday into the executive mansion.

Scarlet Fever Subsidizing

Lebanon, N. H., April 5.—The scarlet fever epidemic in Plainfield and Meriden is subsiding, there having been no new cases reported during the past two weeks. There have been 20 cases and four deaths in this town since the outbreak of the disease.

Serious Charge Against a Boy

Exeter, N. H., April 4.—Samuel Meek, aged 15, is in jail here to await trial on the charge of committing a criminal assault on Ella Welch, 11 years old. Physicians say she will recover.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyright, 1900, by W. T. Foster.
St. Joseph Mo., April 6.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 4 to 8, warm wave 3 to 7, cool wave 6 to 10.

Storm wave will reach Pacific coast about 14, cross west of Rockies by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern states 19.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21.

About date of this bulletin the storm center will be on meridian 90 moving eastward with a cool wave following. High temperatures will prevail in vicinity of this storm center, much above normal southeast of it.

Cool wave of this disturbance will be in Rockies about date of this bulletin and will make voyage to Atlantic coast in about three days. Its temperatures will not go very low.

Lowest temperature will reach meridian 10 about 12, which will be in the middle of a week of generally quiet weather, with about average temperatures.

From 12 to 17 rising temperature going very high about the latter date and culminating in severe storms. I will not say that tornadoes may be expected but tornado conditions will be prominent features of the weather within a few days of April 17.

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NOT ABLE TO SIGN

China Formally Repudiates Manchurian Convention

Will Not Alienate Sympathies of Many For the Sake of One

Peking, April 4.—Russia has been notified by the Chinese government that China, owing to the attitude of the powers, is not able to sign the Manchurian convention.

"It is China's desire," says the formal notification, "to keep on friendly terms with all nations. At present she is going through a period which is most perilous in the empire's history, and it is necessary that she should have the friendship of all."

Li Hung Chang says this letter settles the matter definitely, and that Russia was informally notified to the same effect March 29.

Prince Ching asserts that every Chinese, except Li Hung Chang, was against signing the convention.

Washington, April 4.—Great interest was manifested in official and diplomatic circles last night over the diplomatic press report from Peking that the Chinese finally had determined not to sign the Manchurian agreement. No official information had reached this government or the principal foreign embassies. To the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, the news came as a great surprise, as he had hoped for a successful conclusion of the convention. The ambassador declined, in the absence of official advice, to indicate what probably would be the future course of his government.

Lanching of the Illinois

Boston, April 4.—The cup defender Illinois, which is to sail for the Interlake cup against the Canadians on the Great Lakes, was put into the water today at Lawley's shipyard. Her mast has been stepped and with the exception of her sails she is all ready for her trial today. A low lat car 60 feet long is in readiness for her, and the Illinois will probably start on her land journey to Chicago on Saturday.

Run Against Thrifty Farmer

New London, Conn., April 2.—Eleven soldiers from Fort Griswold, who were blown across the sound to Gardiner's island Sunday afternoon, while practicing the boat drill, were picked up by a government tug, after a prolonged search. The men were found engaged in chopping wood for a farmer, who had given them shelter and food, and who demanded their services in remuneration.

Fire Chief Is the Boss

Fall River, Mass., April 2.—Trouble which has existed for a long time in the fire department was ironed out last night by the city government in the passage of an order giving Chief Devoll of the fire department full control. The controversy has been that the board of engineers held that they alone could make transfers, promotions and reductions, while Chief Devoll claimed the same right.

Reward For Young Muselman

Washington, April 2.—The president has appointed Calvin T. Altus to be a cadet at large at the United States military academy at West Point. This was the first soldier to settle the wall at Peking. Adjutant General Corbin called General MacArthur to send Titus home on the first available transport, in order that he may take the entrance examination to the academy.

Went Off With Unknown Man

Danvers, Mass., April 2.—The overseers of the poor of this town have requested the town counsel to investigate the disappearance of John McCarthy, an orphan boy, who had been a town ward until adopted a short time ago by a Mr. Cole of Danversport. The boy was taken from school last week by a man whose identity is as yet unknown.

Receiver For Stocking Company

Bennington, Vt., April 3.—Upon petition of Olin Scott, one of the stockholders, Judge Munson has appointed William H. Bradford receiver of the Lasher Stocking company. The company's factory had run overtime nearly all winter, employing 200 hands. The schedule of liabilities and assets has not yet been filed.

Alms House Destroyed by Fire

Ware, Mass., April 3.—The alms house of this town was destroyed by fire yesterday, causing a loss of \$6000. Warden Deragon was boiling down some sap late in the afternoon, and the chimney became overheated, setting fire to the building. There were 12 inmates, all of whom escaped without injury.

Fifty-Six Gamblers Paid Fines

Lynn, Mass., April 2.—Fifty-six men filed into the police court here yesterday on a charge of gambling, and the same number contributed \$10 apiece toward the general welfare of the community. It was the sequel to a successful gambling raid made Sunday afternoon.

Missing Councilman Coming Home

Lowell, Mass., April 3.—Pierre Brosseau, the missing president of the common council, is said to be on his way home. He is said to have communicated to a friend here his intention, but the mystery of his whereabouts is still carefully preserved.

Cup Defender Named Constitution

New York, April 4.—Captain Duncan, manager of the syndicate cup defender, announces that the name of the boat will be the Constitution.

Schottfield Mass Held Responsible

Worcester, Mass., April 2.—Judge Utley yesterday filed his finding in the inquest held by him on the death of Mrs. Clara McKee, and he finds that she came to her death on March 24 from the effects of an operation performed on her by Mary Schottfield, who is already under bonds for the grand jury in this case.

ONE YEAR IN PRISON

For a Deacon Who Has an Inclination to Elope.

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Skowhegan, Me., April 5.—Deacon Tracey of Smithfield was sentenced to one year in state prison yesterday for a statutory offense. In this instance it was charged that the deacon eloped with a 17-year-old girl, although previously warned to follow the straight and narrow path. Once before the deacon was in court for a similar offense, and, being fined, his wife, believing that his penitence was sincere, raised money enough to get the deacon's release. This time, however, the district attorney felt that it was not right to make the wife suffer hardships, as was the case when she assisted her husband before, and so asked for a prison sentence, after the deacon had been convicted. Deacon Tracey is not a young man, and his delinquency has been the cause of much excitement in Smithfield, his last escapade exciting not a little indignation.

Sheriff Wouldn't Give Up Prisoner

Bristol, R. I., April 5.—Mamuel Cabral, who nearly ended the life of himself and wife by stabbing her, was yesterday adjudged insane by Judge Bosworth on the report of a board of physicians, but when he was ordered by the court to be committed to the state insane hospital, Sheriff Cady took the stand that, as the prisoner had previously pleaded guilty to assault with a dangerous weapon, and was found over to the grand jury, the man was a prisoner of the state, and, therefore, he declined to surrender him. As the matter now stands it will be necessary to have a commission appointed by order of the supreme court to make an examination of the prisoner.

Death of Colonel Thomas

Boston, April 5.—Colonel Henry A. Thomas, ex-postmaster of Boston, died last evening at the McLean asylum, after an illness of more than two years' duration. His death was not unexpected. Mr. Thomas died of brain trouble, which developed during his incumbency of the postmastership. Last summer his power of locomotion began to fail, and he lost entire use of his mental faculties. Mr. Thomas was born in South Weymouth in 1836.

Fireman's Act of Heroism

Providence, April 5.—Frank C. Worth, driver of horse 14, in rescuing a 5-year-old boy from a burning dwelling last evening, twice went down in partial collapse before he reached the child, and each time was raised and spurred to renewed endeavor by hearing the cries of the little one. He finally reached the boy, and succeeded in getting him out a window. As he passed the child out he fell entirely unconscious across the window sill, and had to be dragged out and revived. The child was unharmed.

Natiek Man Disappears

Natick, Mass., April 5.—The police were notified last night that Edward P. Sweeney disappeared from his home here early on the morning of March 27, and has not since been seen by his family or neighbors. Sweeney is 38 years old. The last knowledge of his whereabouts was at Sherborn. At that time he was driving an express wagon. Since that day Sweeney or the team have not been seen.

Steamer Hard Aground

Providence, April 5.—The steamer Providence lies on the rocky coast of Providence Island with her nose scarcely more than 10 feet from the beach at low water, and there are two holes in her hull, which divers are now working on. The freight and passengers have been transferred and when the holes are patched up an attempt will be made to pull her off, but the chances of success are not bright.

Portland Chosen as Shipping Point

Portland, Me., April 5.—James Frazer, agent for the British government, visited Portland yesterday, and declared that the facilities of this port for carrying and shipping to South Africa 5000 horses was better than any Atlantic port he had visited. He said that these horses would be shipped from Portland direct if the shipment is made before May 10, otherwise they will go from Montreal.

Mill Hand's Close Call

Fall River, Mass., April 5.—Rose Coma, a comb in the Kerr thread mills came very near death yesterday by being drawn over a shaft. Her hair caught in the belt of the combing machine she was tending. Her screams gave warning and the power was shut off in time to save her. Her injuries are about the scalp and shoulders.

May State Legislature

Boston, April 5.—After a prolonged executive session yesterday the legislative committee on metropolitan affairs voted to recommend the appropriation of \$13,000,000, asked for by the governor, for the metropolitan water system, to be used by the new metropolitan water and sewerage commission.

Baseball League For New England

Lowell, Mass., April 5.—A New England baseball league was organized at a meeting of baseball men here yesterday, with the following cities comprising the circuit: Lowell, Manchester, Nashua, Dover, Haverhill, Portland, Lewiston and Bangor.

Kennedee Clear to Augusta

Augusta, Me., April 5.—The Kennedee is now free from ice from this city to the sea, the last leaving last evening. The ice above the Augusta dam is breaking up. The river is greatly swollen, but no danger is anticipated.

Alma Troops Are Quarrelling

Berlin, April 5.—Count Von Wallersee has sent an urgent telegram to Emperor William, imploring him to endeavor to hasten the negotiations for the withdrawal of the allied troops, on the ground that it is impossible to prevent quarrels between the soldiers of the different nationalities, which might at any moment lead to serious trouble.

RECEIVERS YIELD

Regarding Right to Change the Price of Milk

Deadlock Over Straight Price and Surplus Remains Unbroken

Boston, April 5.—The net result of yesterday's conference between the representatives of the New England Producers' union and the contractors, may be set down as a victory for the producers, inasmuch as the contractors, through their spokesman, George O. Whiting, agreed to take from the card the present clause reserving to the contractors the right to change the price of milk at any time, and to insert the clause which the producers favor, providing that the price shall be changed only by agreement of the two parties. This removes one of the chief objections to the present agreement, and is a reversal of the position previously taken by Mr. Whiting.

The deadlock over the questions of a straight price and surplus, however, could not be broken. The contractors were firm in their declaration that the system could not be changed at the present time, while the union's representatives suggested various plans in a vain effort to find some one that could be agreed upon. Mr. Whiting said the contractors were willing to consider a straight price plan, to go into effect next fall, but at the present time, in justice to the contractors and to the farmers who are living up to the present system, the contractors would not consent to a change.

Mr. Scammon, on behalf of the producers, suggested that the latter would take the present surplus and subtract 10 cents, or the average surplus, and accept 31.1 cents, last year's net price, as a "straight price." They would go further and let the contractors limit each man to his last year's production. This suggestion was met by the arguments already stated, and was not accepted.

After having devoted several hours to the discussion of the surplus and straight price clause, without any prospect of an agreement, the meeting adjourned until today. Last evening there was a large number of callers at President Ward's headquarters at the American House, where the situation was informally discussed by members of the union. It was said by some of those present that the contractors had very good reasons for wishing to have the surplus clause retained, as they, in fact, made more money out of the surplus clause than out of their other milk. Not only can this milk itself be sold, but the whey can be made into sugar of milk, which is very much in demand, and the curds can be made into cheese, and by a new process can be worked into a material similar to celluloid, so that a can of milk that costs them 31 cents brings a return to them of about 35 cents.

President Ward last night gave out the following, addressed to the milk producers of New England: "Hold your milk. Now is the time for the producers of milk to hold stronger than ever. I consider every producer of milk for the Boston market a member of the union, and I ask all to stand together in this controversy."

Led Astray by Her Husband

Holmes, Mont., April 5.—Mrs. William Hancock and her husband quarrelled a short time ago, and Hancock told his wife that they were not legally married. She took his word for it, and married a man named McCall. Then Hancock had both of them arrested, and Mrs. McCall yesterday pleaded guilty to bigamy. She was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

Kaiser's Bridge With Lunatics

Berlin, April 5.—The members of the emperor's bodyguard, besides special corps of bicyclists who relieve each other, are now armed with lances when accompanying his majesty on horseback. The Vossische Zeitung demands to know what justifies the Kaiser in showing such a fear of the people. It compares his precautions with those taken by the czar.

English Company Supplies Boers

Berlin, April 5.—H. Von Schillerstadt, a former assistant on the Boer side, has sent to The Local Anzeiger the wrapper of a package of cartridges such as the Boers have used in the campaign, the imprint of which shows that the package came from the Kynoch company of Birmingham, Eng., for German Munitions.

A Corner In Peanuts

New York, April 5.—It is announced that a firm in Hoboken, N. J., has cornered the peanut market, having purchased all the nuts in the Chicago, Boston and New York markets, as well as having secured this week 125 carloads from Norfolk. There has been an advance in price from 70 to 90 cents a bushel lately.

Ex-Senator Goes Wrong

New York, April 5.—Alonso Whittemore, formerly a member of the state senate of Minnesota, was yesterday convicted of grand larceny in the court of general sessions. He was convicted of passing a forged check for \$100 on Feb. 10 last.

Lehmann to Leave Editor's Chair

London, April 5.—The Daily Express says it understands that Rudolph C. Lehmann, who recently became editor of The Daily News, will resign in favor of Henry W. Massingham, retaining, however, his large financial interest in the paper.

Old Confederate Gone

Aniston, Md., April 5.—General George T. Chisolm, the famous Confederate brigade commander and a veteran of the Mexican war, died here yesterday, aged 77. He served under Longstreet in the Virginia campaign.

Suture of Lowell Painters' Wound

Lowell, Mass., April 4.—Late last evening, after a conference between the master painters and the union men, the differences were adjusted. The master painters agreed to grant an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of \$2. The painters, who had asked for \$2.25, accepted the terms offered and will return to work on Monday.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice of Applications

Liquor Licenses.

AT THE MEETING of the board of Police Commissioners of the city of Newport, held Friday, March 29, 1901, the following named persons made application for liquor licenses under the provision of Chapter 102 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, fermented, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of the city, namely:

FIRST CLASS.

Corbett, Patrick J., 211 Thames street.
Denniston, C. P., 27 and 29 Kinsley wharf.
Garrettson, F. P. & Co., 16 and 20 Washington square.
Horgan, Patrick J., 221 Thames street.
Sayer Bros., 283 Thames street.
Stockton, Dennis W., 18 and 20 Kinsley wharf.
Volz, Ernst, 728 and 520 Thames street.

SECOND CLASS.

Alexander, John, 21 State street.
Atwater, John C., 261 Thames street.
Berghman, Charles O., 79 William street.
Brady, Hugh P., 123 Thames street.
Brennan, John, 31 Bath road.
Bryer, Peter, 23 and 27 Broadway.
Buckley, Daniel J., 511 Thames street.
Burke, Patrick R., 1 West Broadway.
Bucksham, Dexter B., 257 Thames street.
Brown, George, 89 Long wharf.
Crown, Joseph V., 111 Long wharf.

Collier, Daniel J., 26 West Broadway.
Conkney, James A., 69 Thames street.
Conkney, James J., 555 Spring street.
Condon, Patrick H., 10 Long wharf.
Condon, John J., 55 Long wharf.
Connelly, Patrick, 42 Hurstville avenue.
Connelly, Thomas, 8 Kinsley wharf.
Curran, Michael, 35 West Broadway.
Denniston, C. P., 27 and 29 Kinsley wharf.
Donovan, Joseph T., 34 Thames street.
Eaton, William M., 75 Levin street.
Egan, James, 16 and 18 West Broadway.
Egan, John J., 70 West Broadway.
Egan, John H., 103 Spring street.

Fisher & Horgan, 111 Thames street.
Foley, Patrick, 32 Callender avenue.
Graham, Richard D., 3 West Broadway.
Gross, Albert G., 49 Bridge street.
Hansen, William, 26 Prospect Hill street.
Healey, John, 657 Thames street.
Heenan, Michael J., 10 Franklin street.
Horgan, Patrick H., 55 West Broadway.
Horgan, James P., 140 Long wharf.
Horgan, George P., 10 Franklin street.
Horgan, Patrick H., 2 West Broadway.
Houghton, George E., United States Hotel.

Jacott, John N., 14 and 16 Franklin street.
Journey, Michael H., 27 Thames street.
Kerley, John, 442 Thames street.
Lewney, John, 517 Thames street.
Manning, Michael, 62 Thames street.
Martin, William H., 42 Thames street.
Martin, John T., 558 Thames street.
McKernan, Charles, 15 Prospect Hill street.
McGowan, Daniel J., 10, 12 and 14 Washington square.

McLaughlin, Cornelius, 10 Thames street.
Mead, James M., 10 and 21 Long wharf.
Murphy, James, 62 Dixon street.
Murphy, Michael J., 43 Thames street.
Murray, Michael F., 4 Market square.
Nolan, John H., 47 Bath road.
Nolan, Patrick, 206 William street.
O'Brien, William S., 11, 13, 15 and 17 Washington square.

Oakley, Francis, 100 Thames street.
O'Connell, Timothy R., 49 Long wharf.
O'Neil, Michael, 16 Long wharf.
Ormsby, William, 28 Thames street.
Quigley, William, 123 Thames street.
Read & Bruger, 15 Thames street.
Rife, William D., 20 Thames street.
Rife, Charles, 32 Market square.

Schmidt, Adam, 85 East Bowers street.
Shanahan, John, 10 and 106 Thames street.
Shea, Daniel, 611 Thames street.
Shea, John D., 466 Thames street.
Shea, Patrick, 50 Market square.
Sheehan, Daniel, 10 Collins street.
Sheehan, Daniel H., 110 Thames street.
Sheehan, Patrick, 60 West Broadway.
Sheehan, Daniel J., 35 Long wharf.
Shields, Edward, 127 Long wharf.

Shea, Jeremiah J., 125 Long wharf.
Sullivan, J. E., 32 Washington square.
Sullivan, Patrick J., 121 Long wharf.
Sullivan, Dennis J., 601 Thames street.
Sullivan, Charles H., 17 & 19 Thames street.
Sullivan, George W., 110 Levin street.
Sullivan, Jeremiah T., 47 Thames street.
Sullivan, John J., 53 Thames street.

Sweeney, Robert J., 5 and 7 Dillons street.
Truett, Charles A., 3 Mallettown avenue.
Vincent, Louis A., 58 Thames street.
Volz, Ernst, 528 and 530 Thames street.
Walsh, John J., 25 Long wharf.
Walsh, Daniel J., 8 West Marlborough street.
Walters, Valentine W., 60 Thames street.
Weaver, Alva W., 73 Thames street.

The board of Police Commissioners will be in session at their office, City Hall building Friday, April 19, at 10 A. M., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard, before acting upon said applications.

All bonds must be filed at least three days before the hearing, as no application will be acted upon until the bond has been approved. Published by order of the Police Commissioners.

GEO. H. VAUGHAN, Clerk.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the Mercury Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st. Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Furnished Cottages

on various parts of the island
FOR RENT.
Apply to
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Rock Island, R. I.

When You Want a COFFEE POT

BUY THE BEST.

"The Perfecter"

Is far superior to anything now on the market as a coffee maker. Ask your dealer for it, and take \$500 off if you want the BEST.

WANTED.

The NEWPORT MERCURY containing Generalized columns, from first date of column to the 27th May, 1891. Answer, stating price, to
MISS G. WILSON SMITH,
11 East 23 Street,
New York City.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital - \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 671,142.39

Newport Office, 303 Thames Street.

This company receives deposits subject to check at sight, and Pays Interest upon daily balances of \$300 and over.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

For sums of money that are to remain for a considerable length of time, Certificates of Deposit will be issued with interest as agreed upon.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Monies received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company. Quarters commence on the 15th days of February, May, August and November. Deposits on or before the 15th of those months draw interest from the first. Dividends payable Feb. 16 and Aug. 16.

The Company has the largest capital of any banking institution in Rhode Island—20 per cent. of which is under the provisions of its charter deposited in approved securities with the State Treasurer.

Board of Managers.

FREDERICK TOMPKINS, Chairman, H. AUDLEY CLARKE,
THOMAS DUNN, THEODORE K. GIBBS,
HENRY A. C. TAYLOR, ANGUS McLEOD,
THOMAS F. PECKHAM, Manager, JEREMIAH W. HORTON,
GEORGE R. CHASE.

THE CHARACTER

-OF A-

Suit of Clothes

IS THE GREATER PORTION OF ITS VALUE.

It is this quality of character which has helped to make our clothes famous, besides the fact that they contain every essential quality of the made-to-order sort at about one-half the price.

Apply the test of your personal investigation today.

Newport One Price

Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

What the People Say!

THAT THE MOST EXTENSIVE AND BEST SELECTION OF

TRIMMED HATS

-AND-

Millinery Novelties

can be found at

SCHREIER'S,

All the popular shapes. Special shapes of our own design.

Flowers, Straw Braids, Laces,

Gold Braids, Ornaments.

Everything in the line to be found at the

LEADER,

SCHREIER'S Queen Anne Millinery Establishment, 14 Thames Street

Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

40 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Alpha Home Pudding,

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats, fresh

Smalley Fruit Jars,

NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Women's Dep't.

Non-Paying Employers.

"Getting women what is their own, and helping them to help themselves, is the object of the Working Women's Protective Union," said Mrs. M. J. Kemp, superintendent of that institution, to a reporter of the N. Y. Tribune. "Many a woman goes hungry in this city because she cannot get the money she has earned."

One of the most pitiful cases that ever came under the jurisdiction of the society is now awaiting trial in the courts. The plaintiff is a deaf mute. She has kept herself and her aged mother, who is an invalid with heart trouble, from becoming public charges by making artificial leaves at two cents a gross, and violet at seven cents, and only long days that have extended far into the night have kept the little home.

Pleading "bad luck" and "no money," the employer has paid in small installments, promising to give the lump sum soon, until a debt of \$61.72 has accumulated. This a fortune to the helpless, penniless woman refuses to pay.

It is to just such stories as this that Mrs. Kemp and the officers of the society listen on "charity" days, every other Wednesday. At these times every available seat in the office at No. 53 Clinton Place is filled, while groups of poor, clad, weary-eyed women stand about, eager to tell their grievances. Frequently debtor and creditor meet here, and after hot words and naive expressions, which are calculated to excite a listener to laughter and to tease the same time, the difficulty is often, by tactful arbitration, settled then and there. But when this fails, unless the creditor leaves the city, he pays the bill, or, if it is within \$50, under the Working Women's Act he goes to Ludlow street jail for fifteen days.

Five hundred and fifty-seven claims, amounting to \$1,484.20, were collected by the organization last year. Of the 648 debtors, nearly half were women, and fully two thirds were foreigners.

The society undertakes the collection of claims, however small. As a rule, the small amounts are most needed. It is said that the city is thronged with employers who make it their business to default working women. For thirty-eight years the work of the organization has gone steadily on, bringing to justice and often to prison those who would defraud their women employees, and it has never taken a cent of remuneration from its clients. Its work increases yearly. When a debtor is a victim of circumstances, and shows a disposition to pay, he is favored and allowed an opportunity to settle in installments.

The first object of the union is to act as a mediator, and a claim is never taken to court if it can be avoided. Middlemen, dressmakers, and theatrical managers are the most frequent transgressors, but debts are collected for trained nurses, stenographers, teachers, and every class of women bread-winners except domestic servants, and these are added if they are without home and friends.

John H. Parsons, the secretary, has given his services as attorney gratuitously for twenty-seven years.

The organization has collected since its establishment nearly \$75,000 in sums from a few cents up to scores of dollars, but averaging less than \$5 each. All this represented withheld wages which would otherwise have been lost. It has procured the passage of laws which give special protection to all working women, and, in addition, it has supplied several hundred thousand applicants with employment, good advice, and other help.

Miss Ethel Parton contributes a bright paper to the March number of the New England Magazine, upon "Fanny Fern at the Hartford Female Seminary." This famous boarding school was kept by Miss Catherine Beecher, when Sarah Willis, afterwards so widely known as Fanny Fern, was a student there. Harriet Beecher, a younger sister of the principal, was a pupil there at the same time. The relations of the two girls, destined to be such famous women, were most interesting, and Miss Parton's article is full of merry stories and letters relating to their old experiences.

Our Young Women.

Conspicuous among the enterprising business women of Syracuse, N. Y., is Miss Mary Elizabeth Evans, known to local fame as "Mary Elizabeth."

Miss Evans is only seventeen, and still wears short dresses and a "pigtail braid," but she is the proud proprietor of a grocery shop from which last year she is said to have cleared \$1,000, after supplying the family table. Thrift is evidently a family characteristic, for the \$100 with which she began her enterprise was borrowed from her brother, and he had saved it while working as an errand boy. This egg of fortune has been returned by the young shopkeeper, who now has an independent and increasing bank account.

Mary Elizabeth is granddaughter of the late Judge Regal, who died a few years ago, leaving an estate heavily mortgaged, so that his widow and daughter found themselves in great financial embarrassment. They contrived, however, to save a tract of land, on which are seventy-six small cottages, in the eastern part of the city, as this was heavily encumbered, there was not money enough to pay interest, taxes, and living expenses. Mary Elizabeth, though only sixteen, decided to leave the High School and "do something," and as there were few stores in the neighborhood, it occurred to her to open a grocery. She took one of the many vacant little yellow cottages, and put out a sign, "M. E. Evans, Groceries."

After a while, she added drugs and "notions."

All the neighborhood began to buy of her, and her trade steadily increased. She now has two telephones in connection with her establishment, and last month she added a delivery wagon. Her sixteen-year-old brother, Henry, drives it, and her two sisters—Martha, fourteen, and Fannie, twelve years old—help in waiting on the customers.

But Mary Elizabeth's fame is founded on her early money more than any thing else. She makes it herself, in a little room in the rear of the store, and gets up at 8 A. M., and works sometimes till midnight in order to keep her rapidly increasing customers supplied. The candles bring fifty and sixty cents a pound, and are put up in half pound, one pound, and two pound boxes.

The little sister Fannie was ambitious to add to the family income, too, so she began to make cakes for sale. She now has more orders than she can fill.

"Which do you love most—your papa or your mamma?"

"Little Charlie—I love papa most!"

"Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you! thought you loved me most!"

"Charlie—'Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.'"

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There Was a Plan in the House.

The other evening as a muscular person was passing a house a lady, who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection."

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he won't go out of doors, though I have ordered him to."

"He won't, eh? We'll see about that." Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and called into the house. He found a man at the supper table and took him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of brute you are, eh? Come out of this, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought, and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out of doors by the legs, and given a fling through the gates.

"Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on, or I'll finish you!"

"Tramp! Tramp!" shouted the victim, as he got up. "I'm no tramp. I own this property and live in the house."

"You do?"

"Yes, that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder! whispered the muscular man, as he gazed from one to the other and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness.—Tit-Bits.

Cured by Forgetting.

There is an English story, and strange as it may seem, it made a hit when it was told at the Land's club, says the New York Telegraph. It was perpetrated by Lawrence d'Orsay, the English actor. Several members of the club spun yarns of dubious merit, when Mr. d'Orsay, in his peculiar way began:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll relate a story." One man present pulled out his watch, and they all thought it was going to be a serial. One or two started to go, but the actor stopped them by his assurance that the story wouldn't be very long.

"There was a friend of mine in London," he said, "who was an incessant cigarette smoker. Finally he lost his memory. Then he forgot to smoke cigarettes, and he got well again."

Mr. d'Orsay effected his escape through the assistance of a friend who knew him when he didn't tell such stories.

Insisted on a Change.

The splunk and span young officer who calmly takes command over veterans growls "grrr" in battle and victory" is sometimes an amusing person, particularly if a sense of his own importance is unduly developed.

On one occasion word was received in various South African camps that on such and such a morning every man in Office—'s army must change his shirt.

The Imperial Light horse, who formed part of the command, had only one shirt apiece, and that was on their backs. So a messenger was dispatched to explain. But the honorable and gallant officer, fresh from Sandhurst knew his business.

"If the men of the Imperial Light horse have not got a second shirt," said he firmly, "let them change shirts with each other. My orders are imperative."

A New Year's Programme.

"Well," remarked Mr. Jolliffe, "I suppose you are going to make a lot of good resolutions for the new year."

"No, I'm not," answered Sirius Barker, with characteristic irony. "I'm going to make a lot of bad ones."

"That's an unkind of proceeding."

"Yes. It's an idea of my own. If I am as successful in breaking my bad resolutions as I have been in breaking my good ones, I'll manage to become a pretty high toned and estimable citizen."—Washington Star.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is the meaning of 'metempsychosis'?"

A look of confusion suddenly overspread his countenance, but it was only for a moment.

"Metempsychosis," Johnny, means—it means—but if I should tell you you would very soon forget the meaning. Look in the dictionary for it yourself, and then you will be more likely to remember. Information that comes without effort seldom lingers in the memory."

Half an hour or so later Johnny sought the dictionary in the library. When he got there he found pa with the dictionary open at "Met." Doubtless it was merely a coincidence, but Johnny could not help thinking his pa was something of a fraud.—Boston Transcript.

President McKinley is kind to those in distress. Owing to lack of appreciation at home Senators Chandler, Carter and Walcott found themselves out of a job on March 4, but the President immediately stepped into the gap and gave them all a job. Ex-Congressman Rudenberg and some half a dozen others of the lower house have been cared for in a like manner. When a Congressman is no longer wanted by his constituents his next move is to seek some kind of a job—any kind in fact—of the capital and the President is expected to give him a living.

"Why did they break off the engagement?"

"I don't know. I saw a pained expression cross his face one night when she asked him if Joan of Arc was Noah's wife, but of course, a trivial thing like that wouldn't cause it."—Indianapolis Sun.

Teacher—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one fourth to your little brother, what would you have yourself?

Scholar—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something else. I wouldn't feel much like eating.—Puck.

"We shall teach you to walk alone eventually, but at present we must support you," said I to the Cuban.

"Ah, I see," said he, in his ignorance of the vernacular, "we are to be held up."—Tit-Bits.

A PROBLEM.

My little home is neat and bright,
My little wife is charming,
And nothing in our quiet life
Would seem to be alarming;
But can no kind adviser give
The aid for which I'm looking?
I'm sure I shall a victim fall
To Dolly's love of cooking!

She tries each new receipt she sees
(When will the list be ended?)
And brings me something every day
Which she declares is splendid.
I kiss the pretty little cook,
And try to look delighted;
'Twould almost break her tender heart
To see her dishes slighted.

She'll say: "Dear John! I'm sure you'll find
The pudding fast delicious,
Although I must admit it looks
A little bit suspicious;
Or, 'Why this lemon tart is fine—
I like it for a matter of fact.'
I smile, but hope our dear mamma
Will never give another.

The gingerbread that Dolly makes
Is 'Victorian' indeed;
It may be, but I shouldn't like
To think it was her greatest.
The Journal fumbled Charlotte Russe;
Alas! good Mrs. Rorer
Would not have known her favorite dish
Had it been set before her!

The "Century Cook Book" gave croquettes,
They tasted very curious,
And Mrs. Lincoln's Boston fears
Would make Bostonians furious.
'Glossy pie!' I wonder if
The clever Mrs. Eschsch
Suspected when she wrote the rule
What trouble she was brewing!

In desperation, yesterday,
I hinted very nicely:
'Dear Dolly, are you always sure
To keep the rule precisely?
She shook her pretty head and laughed
And made the frank confession:
'Indeed, I don't, Sir; all good cooks
Just use their own discretion!

"Of course, you can't expect, my dear,
That luck will never vary;
The best of cooks will sometimes fail,
And all things go contrary.
I always keep the main idea,
But where would be the pleasure
If one must be forever tied
To thimble weight and measure?"

And now the mystery is solved
Will some one please advise me
What can be done to remedy
The state of things that tries me?
For I must eat what Dolly cooks,
Because I just adore her—
Although she won't abide by rules
And weights and measures bore her!

—Ellen Manly, in Good Housekeeping.

"I prefer the dark and the fog to the calm," she said.

"It is Jocelyn Brierly," she said.

"But I am such an awful bore."

"Are you never going to forgive me? I carried out half of Tom's instructions when I received you that night, and—and," but she was off leaning over the side of the boat, watching an Indian canoe as it skimmed the waters.

It was Jack's last day. He had been merciless in his wooing, but he was desperately in earnest, and fighting against time.

To Jocelyn, who knew nothing beyond a trip to Oakland or around the bay, under the guidance of Sister Celestine, the days had seemed like a fairy tale. There had been the long, long tramps while the fog hung over the Pacific, and later, the magical days when the ship floated among the piney islands of the Canadian coast. And now there was a queer little ache in her heart which she could not understand.

"Do you know, Jocelyn, it's our last afternoon?" Tom's voice had a hopeless ring.

Jocelyn was quite absorbed in the Indian canoe, but she nodded in reply to write, but—I shall think of you, very often. May I keep a diary, pretending I am talking with you? Perhaps you will let me show it to you some day."

Her face was turned away, but a more emphatic nod told she heard.

"Jocelyn, little girl, unless it may mean coming to you, it will mean little whether I return or—"

At last she looked up at him, and his hand covered the little one on the rail.

"You darling," he whispered.

His just reward.

"Never did have any luck," complained St. Engrene. "I'm always left out in the cold."

"Never mind," replied Job Seumfiter, "you won't be in the next world."—Philadelphia Press.

The Only Way.

Servant—Yes, sir, Mrs. Rounce is in. What's her name, sir?

Visitor—Prof. Vandersplinkenhimer.

"Och! Sure ye'd better go right in and take it with ye."—N. Y. World.

CASTORIA.

Bear the Signature of

Farmer and Gardener

Gregory Seeds

Preserve Your Roofs

PHOENIX

Roofing Cement.

"I believe I prefer the dark and the fog to the calm," she continued, "I am in the mood for laughter. All this is too wonderful."

"Let me stay with you, I want so much to know you," blurted out poor Jack.

The girl look frightened. Then at inspiration came to him. He would appeal to her sympathy.

"You see, I have a little charge some place on board," and Jack, who had promptly and completely forgotten his protegee until the present moment, went on: "She'll be an awful bore, but briefly, that's her brother, wrote me to look after her, and I really haven't an idea what to do, and—and I thought perhaps you would help me—for her sake, you know."

"What did you say her name is?" asked the girl. "May I see the letter?"

And they paused by the cabin door, while she read the letter, a smile lighting up her pleasant face.

"So you are to keep her 'from flirting or falling overboard,'" she said.

"I think I may be able to help you. Perhaps Miss Brierly need not bother you at all."

"Oh, if you will help me, I shall not mind in the least," returned Jack, eagerly. "And may I not know your name?"

"Certainly," she was giving him her

hand at parting, and looked up with a queer little smile.

"It is Jocelyn Brierly," she said.

"But I am such an awful bore."

"Are you never going to forgive me? I carried out half of Tom's instructions when I received you that night, and—and," but she was off leaning over the side of the boat, watching an Indian canoe as it skimmed the waters.

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Preserve Your Roofs

PHOENIX

Boots!

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

107 THAMES STREET,

Newport, R. I.

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FARM

BUILDINGS

INSURED AGAINST FIRE

At Lowest Rate—Strong Companies.

WHIPPLE & SON,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

24 Bellevue Avenue.

Everybody

Knows

About

Pain-Killer

A Household

Medicine

A Safe and Sure Cure for

Croup, Colds, Coughs, Croup,

Diarrhoea, Croup, Burns,

Sprains and Strains.

Gives instant relief.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

Nasal CATARRH.

In all its stages

there should be

clearance.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and

heals the diseased

membrane. It cures

croup and drives

away a cold in the

head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread

over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief

is immediate and cure follows. It is not dry-

ing—does not produce sneezing. Large size,

50 cents at druggists or by mail. Trial size,

10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 30 Warren St., N. Y.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Poetry.

"By Favor of the Queen."

BY EDITH DOUGLASS.

Around the walls and towers
Of a labor, old and gray,
The castle where the noble queen
Of England loved to stay,
The birds sit gaily through the air
In happy freedom every where.

Their nests they built as freely
Without a thought of fear,
In bush or in the castle wall,
All innocently near.
To please policy and royalty:
For birds know naught of high degree.

The sheltered nooks and crannies
Left in the tower wall
Where blossomed flowers and fallen out,
The birds loved best of all.
And, joyful, in each vacant space,
Their little straw-built nests would place.

Once, when the queen was absent,
The royal gardeners saw
The birds that built the towers wall,
The hanging lot of straw,
And ordered all such nests to be destroyed,
The stones were laid to rest.

Then stood the lofty tower
In orderly array,
Its crannies empty, its cozy nooks,
Had vanished the happy way,
And homeless roved the twittering throng
Once nesting there with happy song.

But when the royal lady
To Windsor came again,
And viewed with fond affection all
This fair and dear domain,
The towers' silent, smooth expanses
Won from her eyes a troubled glance.

No birds about the lower?
Their nests—placards filled?
No more those crannies in the wall
Where birds loved best to build?
Such were the questions quick to start
And stir that leader, queenly heart.

Stridestway, in loving pity
For all the little birds
Plans routed, homeless, and forlorn,
Came her commanding words:
"The stones must be removed, and then
Nor bird nor nest disturbed again."

So, on the great round tower
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The palace where the noble queen
Of England loved to stay,
Those nooks and crannies still are seen—
Birds' homes "by favor of the queen."

Aid it is by more than bird's flight
This good queen won renown;
Her deeds of love and mercy show
Far brighter than her crown.
The whole world mourns that good life's end,
And even the birds weep for a friend.
—April 28, Nicholas.

Selected Tale.

A REAL BIT OF ACTING.

"Won't you give us some of your acting, this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

The time was 4 p. m. Through the window we could see the wind sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do for the last forty-eight hours, and my guests lounged about the big, uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

They had been discussing the vital question of how the evening was to be got through. Music, suggested by our Wagner enthusiast; dancing, by the waltzing girl, had been gloomily rejected. And then suddenly, as though by an inspiration, the little blonde widow had turned on me and burst out:

"Won't you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

You see the truth was, in the days of her maidenhood, the wife of Hon. Felix Sterling had toured three years as leading lady of a well-known provincial comedy company. And now, having resigned the plaudits of the dicker multitude for the love and admiration of one, she still occasionally amused her friends with such smatterings of the histrionic art as she possessed.

On this occasion the request that I should employ my poor talents to divert my guests was received with acclamation.

"Oh, yes, please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall. And young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform on it.

I would not make any rash promises, being doubtful, indeed, whether my somewhat limited repertoire included anything that would serve as a monologue. And the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in, and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

Over the lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager-looking men advanced and steered straight for the entrance porch.

We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands, grim and silent, about a league from Winston Lodge.

This man—burly, hard-faced Yorkshireman—walked straight into the hall and asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud, excited voice—so loud in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said. And that had the effect of throwing my guests into something of a panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum (that morning after nearly murdering an attendant). The lunatic was still at large, and had been seen, not half an hour ago, lurking in a plantation near our house.

"Mercy on us! He may come here at any moment!" exclaimed my aunt Margery, in a state of high terror.

"Hadin't we hadn't we better have all the doors locked and bolted?" the waltzing girl suggested, with a shudder.

"I shall certainly look under the bed and in the wardrobe tonight!" asserted the blonde widow; whereupon Charlie Fleetwood expressed his firm belief that "ladies always did that!" which only raised a rather feeble laugh.

"What sort of a chap is he?" we heard Felix asking the keeper.

"Tall chap, sir. Thin, like fire!"

"Hair, face, deadly pale, eyes like fire?"

"Umph! Well, from what you say I fancy the sooner you get him under lock and key again the better it will be for the community. No, we have not seen or heard anything of him. If we do we will let you know at once."

It was with rather a grave face that my husband returned to us. But he spoke some words to allay our alarm. Nothing to be frightened about. He would soon be caught. They were now scouring the countryside in search of him.

But, nevertheless, it was some time before the more nervous of our circle quite recovered their equanimity, and when the time came for retiring and dress for dinner the lunatic was still the leading topic of conversation.

"Well, have you prepared your program for tonight, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met in the dining room.

"Don't ask questions!" I answered.

"Let it be a pleasant surprise for you!"

Afterward both question and answer proved to be a strange significance.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blonde widow about a curious book of heraldry he had been reading. He said he would show her the volume in question, and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

Now, Winston Lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two long wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements; consequently we only occupied the center and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being situated there.

He had scarcely left the room when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all, and to save him the futile task of looking for it I ran after him.

I crossed the hall and plunged down the narrow oak-paneled corridor leading to the east wing. My course was unobscured, save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows, but I knew my way well enough, and hurried along, without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture gallery, with its rows of Old World faces and grim guardian suits of armor. Out into the second passage I went—a low tortuous passage, very dark and smelling of musty tapestry.

Suddenly as I was groping my way along I saw a slight movement in front of me, and there but, a few feet away stood a gray, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said. And I would not be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quiver in my voice.

There came no answer to the question and the figure began to glide down the passage.

Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last coming round a sharp corner, there was a shaft of light through a half-open door—the door of the library, where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I stood there, for a moment or two—puzzled, doubtful, alarmed. All at once there rushed upon me the horrible presentiment of impending doom, and with it a wild, irresistible desire to learn what was going on in the room.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage high up in the hall was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. On to that table I scrambled and glided my eyes to the dust dimmed pane.

Shall I ever forget what I saw? I have dreamed of it a thousand times, and awakened shuddering in an agony of terror.

"Felix! Felix, turn round! Look!"

Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my bare hand through the window and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books the tall, white-haired figure was already close to him, an upraised, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

On hearing my voice my husband sprang round, caught the descending stick on his arm, and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

Which was worse, I wonder—to grapple with that madman, to have his eye staring into yours, to feel his hot breath on your face and to know that gradually he was overpowering you; or to be the one who looked on, to see the being you loved best on earth fighting desperately—fighting for life—and yet to stand there utterly impotent.

But, no. Thank heaven I was not entirely impotent. With a cry of encouragement to my husband, I sprang down, bunched up my skirts and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never ran before. I knocked against the furniture in the darkness; I stumbled and fell, still impelled as by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

Through the picture gallery I went, down the second corridor, across the hall, into the drawing room.

I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed among my guests. My hand was bleeding, and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearances matter to me?

"The madman!" I gasped, pointing for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix—my husband—We must burst the door open. Come! Come!"

All eyes were turned on me, but not a soul offered to move.

"Don't you understand me?" I cried, wringing my hands in impatience.

"There is not a moment to lose. My husband is fighting for his life! Why don't you come? Mr. Fleetwood, you hear me? Have pity—have pity!"

I sprang on Charlie Fleetwood like a tigress and strove to drag him from the room by main force. What diabolical spell possessed them all that they were indifferent to my appeal? It all seemed like a horrible dream—natural, grotesque.

"You will be too late!" I screamed in a perfect frenzy. "Felix will be dead—strangled by that madman's fingers—strangled, strangled!"

I repeated that awful word, scarce knowing what I said. The blood was rushing wildly in my head. I began to reel, clutching desperately in the air. And then, of a sudden, a strange half-remembered sound rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to, not yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hands clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I treated and implored, and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and numbness that was stealing over me.

And then, at length, seeing that my efforts to wake them understood were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped and summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somewhat or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted, and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever-increasing alarm that they

hurled forward and tried to force the library door, and finally, using the oak table as a ramp, burst it open.

All of which I recollect as something that happened when I was in a semi-trance. I have a vague memory of looking into the room and seeing several persons there and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.—Answers.

Southern Progress.

The following extract from a lengthy article in the well known publication *Chieftain*, Cincinnati, February 23, 1901, regarding the recent trip through the South of a party of merchants from Cincinnati, will be interesting to our readers:

W. A. Hemphill, the head of the Atlanta Constitution, one of the most powerful papers below the Ohio, and one of the strongest speakers in that progressive city, was the spokesman for the Reception Committee of Georgia's capital, where the Ohioans were introduced to Governor Chandler on the way home.

"Governor Chandler," said he, "I am sure you will appreciate the pleasure that I experience when I introduce them, of meeting these distinguished gentlemen from Cincinnati—Cincinnati, the only city that ever spent \$25,000,000 to extend its trade—and that road was built down to do business with us. I tell you that down here in Georgia we all swear by Cincinnati and the Southern Road. It has been a great success, and there is a great deal of business being done on it for a new lease with the Southern Railway system. The only difference in the way of the completion of this exceedingly important matter is \$150,000. Now, Mr. Governor, you know the significance of the Southern to Atlanta, and what is your idea of this matter?"

Governor Chandler, with a smile upon his face, replied in the warmest manner and said: "Why, in the closing of a deal that means so much to the future of both the South and to Cincinnati, such a sum should never be thought of. If it can be fixed up any other way, we'll pay it ourselves." After this he turned to the freedom of the city and the State to the business. And this is but one of the many striking remarks made upon the signal importance of the Southern Railroad in the affairs of the South.

After making the trip, this fact was apparent to every one. All of the developing cities are on the line of the system that has built up the Southern to its present excellence. It is in every body's mouth that the actual boom—this time the healthy and natural one—dated from the time of the consolidation of the numerous lines into the one company, and the mastery hand of Samuel Spencer, President, showed itself by the thousands spent in terminal, docks, and in every channel that would increase the facilities of the South. The leading men in all the cities who addressed the dinners and receptions, spoke at length upon the part that the system had played in their growth. At Mobile, where the Spencer regenerating spirit has only begun to show itself, the citizens are singing psalms of praise that the Southern has acquired the Mobile and Ohio, and is thus given an inlet that insures to that city the great help that it has all along needed. "The greatest increase in manufacturing establishments is along its line, and it goes into the very heart of the most valuable sections of the South."

A Privileged Prince.

An anonymous contributor to the *April Century*, who saw much of Queen Victoria at Osborne in 1899, says that Princess Beatrice's husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, which others would never have dreamed of taking.

We heard some stories about Prince Henry; how he stopped and the chimes, so that his unpunctuality might not be noticed; and a tale of his not being able to get back in time for the royal dinner. Out sailing, and being becalmed, the time slipped away, and he saw with terror the dining-room approaching. At last, after much maneuvering and rowing his little sailing boat part of the way, he was able to struggle to land several miles from Osborne, and got some kind of broken-down conveyance to take him to the castle. Arrived at the lodge, the vehicle was refused admittance; to the prince's despair, he was obliged to get out and show himself before they would open the gates, he chafing the while at the waste of precious minutes. In spite of all his efforts, when he finally reached the castle he found the royal party already seated at table. There was no remedy, and he walked the best of a bad job, he walked quietly into the dining-room, just as he was in his rough, wet yachting-suit, and made his apologies to the Queen so simply and was so bright and pleasant about it that he was able to carry off what would have been an absolutely unpardonable offense in another.

A new Wesley story is told by Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Post*, who had it from an old lady now living on the Isle of Man. Her great-grandfather once entertained the famous evangelist, John Wesley, and at the time her grandfather was a little boy. He was allowed, as a great honor, to come to dinner, and Wesley patting him on the head at the close of the meal and asked what he meant to be when he grew up. "I'm going to be a preacher," said the youngster; "there are always such good dinners when the preachers come."

The Indian and the Northwest.

A handsomely illustrated book just issued, bound in cloth and containing 115 pages of interesting historical data relating to the settlement of the great Northwest, with fine half-tone engravings of Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and other noted chiefs; Custer's battle-ground and ten colored maps placing showing location of the various tribes dating back to 1600. A careful review of the book impresses one that is a valued contribution to the history of these early pioneers, and a copy should be in every library. Price, 50 cents per copy. Mailed postage prepaid upon receipt of amount by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 4-6-8

What is an anecdote, Johnny? asked the teacher.

"A short funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word." Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote:

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Miss Katharine gave a defiant toss to her head. Before that her head had been bowed in thought, it had throbbed with anguish, it had drooped with pain, and it had nestled on his manly bosom. It was one of those common or garden heads, which all novelists use in their business. So Miss Katharine was perfectly justified in giving it the toss.

Webster's Pica.

A crisis of great importance in the history of Dartmouth College and all colleges occurred in the early part of the last century. It came about, says the Rev. Francis E. Clark in the *Christian Endeavor* World, as follows: An unfortunate quarrel between the second president, John Wheelock, the son of the founder of the college, and the trustees, grew into large proportions. The State became involved, the two political parties were arrayed on opposite sides. A new institution, called "Dartmouth University," was established by friends of the second president, while Dartmouth College went on its way, existing if not rejoicing. Both institutions were called to different chapels and recitation rooms by the same bell, and students passed and repassed each other, with much chaffing, on the same campus.

The State Supreme Court, before which the case of Dartmouth was first carried, decided in favor of Dartmouth University. But the case was at once appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The best legal talent of the country argued the case on both sides, for it was felt to be a test case, which would perhaps involve the life of Harvard and Yale and every similar institution in the country, if a State should be allowed to set aside a college charter and establish at will a different institution.

In 1819, David Webster, then thirty-five years of age, made the first great speech of his life, a speech which centered the eyes of the whole country upon him. The Dartmouth College case is still regarded as one of the very few most important cases that ever came before the Supreme Court. Thus America's foremost orator ended his great speech: "Sir, you may destroy this little institution, it is weak, in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out, but if you do, you must carry through your work. You must extinguish one after another all those great lights of a race which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over the land. It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, but yet there are those that love it."

"Time the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth," we are told. "His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with tears, and he seemed struggling to the utmost to obtain mastery over himself. The court room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall, gaunt figure, bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep hollows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears. There was not one among the strong men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep."

Dartmouth College was saved, and without one dissenting vote the Supreme Court decided against the university and in favor of the college.

"See this coat?" he queried, as he entered a Michigan avenue clothing store yesterday. "Yes, I see dot coat. Vias somethings wrong?"

"I should remark! See how it is all shrunk up!"

"I got caught out in the rain."

"Exactly. Did I tell you dot coat for waterpoof?"

"No, but it hadn't ought to shrink up like this."

"Dot may be, but suppose dot coat swell out and vias so big dot she was worth two dollars more, would you pay me extra?"

"Of course not."

"Exactly. She was even. If she shrinks you don't blame me; if she swells you don't blame me; if she swells you don't pay any more. Please don't block oop der sidore my friend."

55.00 to California and Back

This Summer.

An illustrated book, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer, at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R'y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only \$50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to Mr. W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-50-6w

"Do you know what I would do if I owned this place?" said Mrs. Gagswell, turning enthusiastically to the guide who was showing her the wonders of the British Museum.

"I'd hold the biggest rummage sale that was ever seen on this green earth!"

Mamma: "What did you learn at cooking school to-day?"

May: "There wasn't any session to-day; teacher was sick."

Mamma: "The grip, I suppose?"

May: "No ma'am. Indigestion!"

Little Bessie (telling of the medicine she had taken)—And I took some compulsion of cod liver oil and—

Mrs. B.—You mean emulsion, don't you, not compulsion?

Bess—Well I think there was some compulsion about it.

Jones—I notice that your uncle left an estate of half a million.

Brown—It was not his fault if he did.

Jones—How do you mean?

Brown—He would have taken it with him if he could.

Husband: "For whom are you knitting those stockings?"

Wife: "For a benevolent society."

Husband: "Do you know, you might send them my address? Perhaps they would send me a pair."

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Latest indexed map of Chinese Empire, with enlarged map of portion of China where difficulty exists, and other valuable information relating to present crisis. Copy mailed on receipt of two cents in postage, by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-4-6w

Resting His Eyes.—Exchange Editor—I am sorry to say my eyes have gone back on me, and I can't read any more. Can't you give me something else to do? Managing Editor—You might do book reviews.

Doctor: "Did your teeth chatter when you had the chill?"

Patient: "No; they were on the table."

Edition de Sucre.—What a beautiful volume of Emerson's Essays you have, Miss Madge! "Yes, isn't it lovely? It's a candy loss."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

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A Veteran.

Two years before George Washington died there was born an American who still lives, who has fought in three of his country's wars, voted for twenty Presidents, and lived in every State of the Union except Washington and Oregon. John J. Overton, who is a familiar figure at Long Beach, Cal., was born in 1797, and has lived to see the twentieth century come in. He goes to town every day from his son's ranch, and takes keen interest in the news of the day, which he reads without the aid of glasses. His mind is as clear and constitution as virile as that of a man of fifty. He started his adult career as a painter of portraits, but the invention of the daguerotype ruined his business. He served in the Black Hawk war with Lincoln in 1831, and in the Mexican war. In 1862 he enlisted as a private in the Federal army, serving to the end of the war and coming out a lieutenant. For sixty-nine years Mr. Overton has been an Odd Fellow. In 1899 he made the rail journey from St. Jo, Mo., to Long Beach, returning afterward and then once more going to California. Mr. Overton was once married, and has had seven children; he is not quite sure how many direct descendants are now living.

CHEAP RATES TO CALIFORNIA.

Parties desiring to make trip to California, Arizona or New Mexico, either for business or pleasure, can do so now at almost half price.

Every Tuesday, until April 30th inclusive, tickets marked "Colonist" may be purchased via Southern Railway for \$41 from Washington, \$47.00 from New York, and correspondingly low prices from other points.

The Southern Railway and Southern Pacific Company operate through excursion sleepers from Washington, leaving Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays, the Tuesday sleeper being available for "Colonist" tickets.

The berth rate in these sleepers is only \$7.00, two people being allowed to occupy one berth if desired. Personal conductors and Pullman porters go through with each sleeper. There are other new, convenient and economical features connected with these excursions, which may be ascertained from Mr. Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, 27 and 185 Broadway, New York.

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"And why did you leave your last place?" "Cook an' me had a fall in out." "I don't see why you should leave for a little thing like that." "But we fell out o' the third story window, mem."

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